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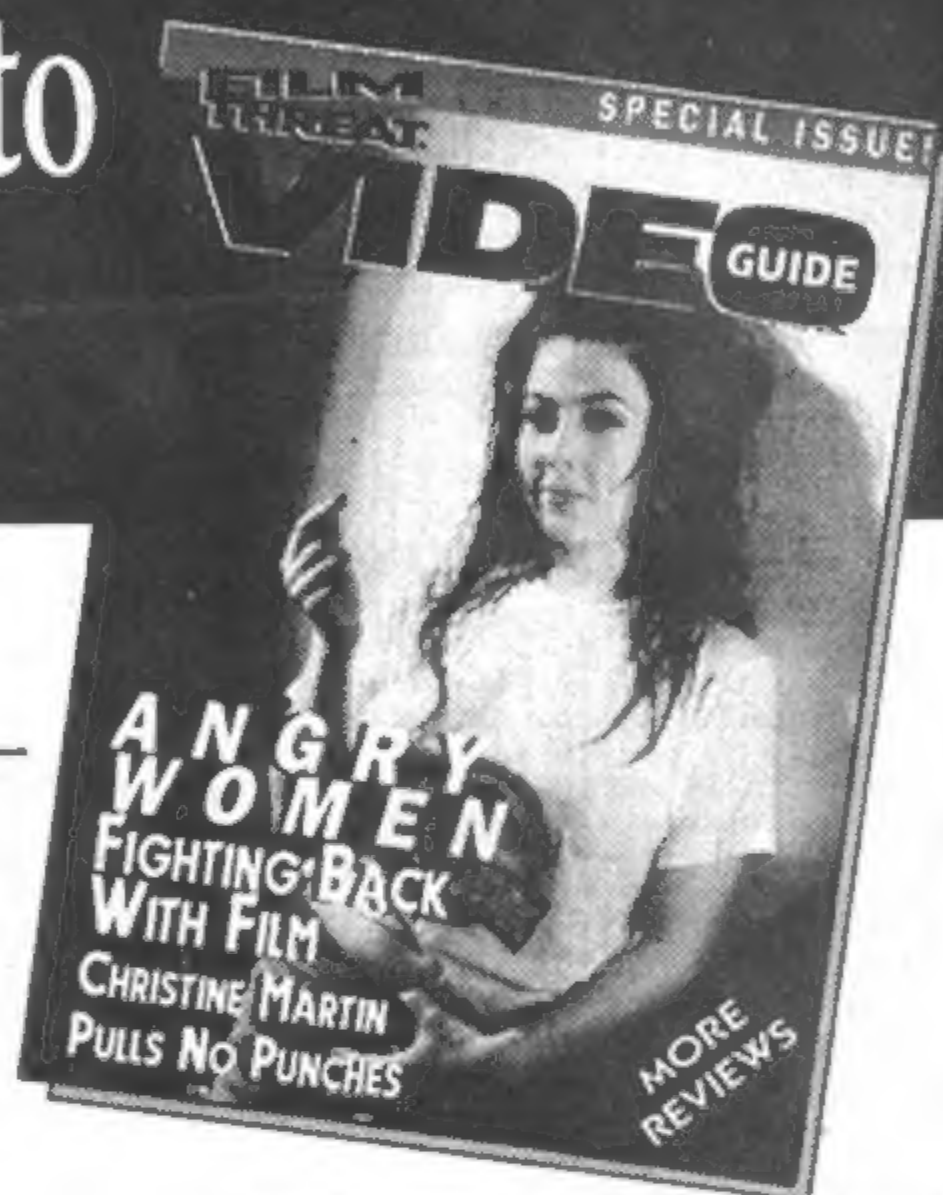
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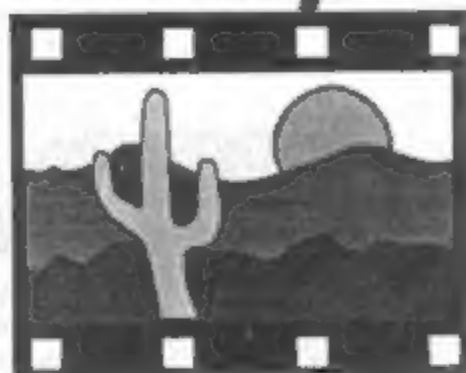
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"Sorority Babes in the Dance-a-thon of Death" - "Dominion" and more!



VIOLENT SHIT
Directed by Andreas Schnaas
75 Mins. • Cat. No. RG01 • \$30.00
Made in West Germany, this is the first time this cult classic is legally licensed for sale in the United States, and Tempe has it! Goremaster Andreas Schnaas directs this ultra-violent, ultra-gory story of Karl the Butcher, a mass murderer who kills everyone (and everything) in sight. Thin on plot but huge on splat! To avoid fainting, keep repeating: it's not a snuff movie! This is the movie that Chas. Balun of Deep Red magazine called "The goriest film ever made!" Have your stomach distress bags ready—you'll need them! German language version (don't worry, there's almost no dialogue here).



**VIOLENT SHIT II:
MOTHER HOLD MY HAND**
Directed by Andreas Schnaas
80 Mins. • Cat. No. RG03 • \$30.00
Director Andreas Schnaas does it again. The sequel to the cult gore classic Violent Shit! Drilled by his deranged mother, Karl the Butcher Jr. takes revenge for the gruesome death of his father. Anyone who sets foot on the forest has to die. Hold on to your limbs as Karl Jr. slaughters his victims to some amazing tones of terror. Decapitation is just the beginning! German language with English subtitles, letterboxed edition. Awesome CD soundtrack, T-shirts and Karl Jr. "Killer Mask" are also available. Call or write for prices!



**ZOMBIE '90:
EXTREME PESTILENCE**
Directed by Andreas Schnaas
80 Mins. • Cat. No. RG02 • \$30.00
Guts and gore, splatter and more. A new lesson in real bad taste from the makers of Violent Shit. A military machine carrying untasted lethal chemicals crashes into a forest. Two doctors discover the epidemic just taking its first steps against the living dead. A grueling shocker that sets new standards in the modern gore film, directed by Andreas Schnaas. Dubbed English language version. Zombie '90: Extreme Pestilence theatrical-sized posters are also available. Call or write for prices!



THE DEAD NEXT DOOR
Directed by J.R. Bookwalter
84 mins. • Cat. No. 8984 • \$20.00
The Dead Next Door is a zombie lover's dream come true! An inventive scientist has created the ultimate virus: it takes over and replaces a corpse's cells, using it as a slave to keep supplying his favorite dish...humans! When the virus goes awry, the government fights back by creating a crack team of soldiers called The Zombie Squad. Their mission: save the humans, and seek out and destroy the dead! It's non-stop terror and violence when your neighbors become...The Dead Next Door! The cult Super-8mm hit co-produced by Sam Raimi! Full-color T-shirts and hats are also available, call or write!



WINTERBEAST
Directed by Christopher Thies
77 Mins. • Cat. No. 8965 • \$20.00
Something strange is going on up in the mountains of a tiny winter resort community. Every time you turn around, innocent townsfolk are disappearing in increasing numbers. But this isn't just any mountain...this is the Indian burial ground of the Chakura tribe! Worse yet, the sleepy town's hills are infested with living totem poles, creatures of all shapes and sizes and the legend of the Winterbeast! It's The Evil Dead meets Northern Exposure! Awesome animation and monstrous makeup effects collide in the tradition of Grizzly, Prophecy and Equinox! It's gonna be one hell of a winter...!



HEARTSTOPPER
Directed by John A. Russo
96 Mins. • Cat. No. 8986 • \$20.00
In colonial Pittsburgh, Benjamin Latham, a progressive Tory physician wrongfully accused of vampirism, is hung. Now, two hundred years later, the burial site is unearthed by a construction crew and the young doctor emerges from the grave...alive. Benjamin falls in love with Lenora Clayton, and through her locates his descendant, Matthew, an antique dealer obsessed with his unusual family history. The resulting death spree becomes the obsession of policeman Ron Vargo, who is determined to put an end to the horror. Makeup effects by Tom Savini! Moon Zappa stars!



**MIDNIGHT 2:
SEX, DEATH AND VIDEOTAPE**
Directed by John A. Russo
70 Mins. • Cat. No. 8987 • \$20.00
Abraham, the last surviving member of the crazed family in Midnight, has taken up residence in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. Armed with a video camera and his various implements of death, he stalks the streets of the city to satisfy his bloodlust...searching for the paydies of his victims for his perfect mate. A nightmarish voyage through the mind of a serial killer...a voyage that leads straight into the heart of Midnight 2: Sex, Death and Videotape! The sequel to the cult hit, written and directed by Horror Hall of Famer John A. Russo!



THE MAJORETTES
Directed by Bill Hinzman
93 Mins. • Cat. No. 8988 • \$20.00
Someone's killing the beautiful young majorettes at the local high school. Could it be Harry, the voyeuristic janitor? Jeff Halloway, the star quarterback for the high school football team? Or could the identity of the killer be just one of the many shocking twists you'll discover as you watch The Majorettes? From the first gruesome murder to an ending that explodes with violence, you will descend into a nightmare where greed, lust, and revenge pass for school spirit...and where everyone's favorite subject in the art of survival! Based upon the book! Full-color T-shirts are also available, please call or write for prices!



**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD
25TH ANNIVERSARY
DOCUMENTARY**
Directed by Thomas Brown
83 Mins. • Cat. No. 8989 • \$30.00
Gathered together for the first time in twenty-five years are director George A. Romero, writer John A. Russo and producers Russell W. Streiner and Karl Hardman. Also on hand are celebrity interviews with John Landis, Wes Craven, Tobe Hooper, Sam Raimi and other filmmakers, in addition to Film Threat magazine editors Christian Gore and David E. Williams. Officially licensed and produced with the cooperation of Image Ten, Inc. Includes sterling-quality clips from the film and the original trailer!



DEAD IS DEAD
Directed by Mike Stanley
75 Mins. • Cat. No. 1029 • \$20.00
A man named Eric is out to avenge his brother's death at the hands of drug dealers. Along the way, Eric is attacked and partially dismembered by a mutant creature and left for dead. A beautiful young woman named Laura finds him and uses an experimental drug on him known as Doxital. The drug grows back Eric's severed limb within a twenty-four hour period. Eric uses his supply of the drug to pay off a large debt to his brother's killers, but unknown to him, the Doxital he gives away is a bad batch! Can he get it back in time...before it falls into the wrong hands?



THE ZOMBIE ARMY
Directed by Betty Stapleford
80 Mins. • Cat. No. 1030 • \$20.00
Army Sergeant Sadow has a problem. The Pentagon brass bought a former insane asylum to use as a base for the elite experimental female unit The Lethal Ladies. The problem is that they didn't check the asylum fallout shelter for leftover inmates! Two were left behind when the nuthouse was abandoned. The two freaks wreak havoc on the Army by capturing soldiers and turning them into mindless zombies. Trapped in the tunnels under the old asylum, The Lethal Ladies must invent weapons to destroy the living dead! Watch out, Saddam Hussein...you're no match for Operation "Zombie" Storm and...The Zombie Army!



GOBLIN
Directed by Todd Sheefs
75 Mins. • Cat. No. 1031 • \$20.00
A newlywed couple move into their new house with the help of their friends. But what they don't realize is that twenty years ago, the previous owner of the house—a former practicing witchcraft—adventurously released a monstrous creature from the depths of hell...and now it's coming back to make up for lost time! The Goblin, set free from its dark prison within the earth, lays waste to the countryside, hungry to mangle or kill anything or anyone in its path. The young people, trapped inside the house, are pushed to the nightmarish extremes, forced to retaliate...or become the next victim of the Goblin!



**PREHISTORIC BIMBOS
IN ARMAGEDDON CITY**
Directed by Todd Sheefs
70 Mins. • Cat. No. 1032 • \$20.00
Welcome to Old Chicago City...the last remaining outpost of civilization after World War III. Though the city is ruled by the evil Nemesis and his army of cyborgs, the only thing standing in the way of utter post-nuclear domination is Trianna and her fierce, beautiful tribe of Prehistoric Bimbos! Filled with wacky action, goofy creatures, scenery chewing villains, and enough bimbos to fill two post-nuclear action comedies, this film will blow your mind. Strap yourself in and prepare yourself for...Prehistoric Bimbos in Armageddon City!



SHRECK
Directed by Don Adams and Harry James Picard
75 Mins. • Cat. No. 1033 • \$20.00
Roger is a young horror fan living in a house whose previous owner just happened to be Max Shreck...a fugitive Nazi madman who committed a series of murders in the 50's. The boys make up a club called "The Dogs of Gore". On the anniversary of his death, the D.O.G.s hold a séance and resurrect Shreck! Now the teens must battle for their very lives as Shreck attempts to butcher them, one by one, and complete a horrifying ritual that was begun years before any of them were ever even born. It all leads to a final bloody confrontation with Shreck that you will never forget!



THE WITCHING
Directed by Eric Black
72 Mins. • Cat. No. 1034 • \$20.00
Stewart and his nerdy best friend Moria think they're about to spend a boring Friday night at home watching Stewart's senile old grandmother. But Stewart is the only one who can stop the evil plans of Morgana, Queen of the Witches, who wants to rule the world with her black magic! Stewart's house magically becomes the doorway between Earth and Hell, where every closet and refrigerator door hides a portal to a mystical dimension, where Stewart must do battle with evil forces that are both human...and inhuman!

FILM THREAT™

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VIDEO GUIDE

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BRUCE NAUGHTON
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JIM VAN BEBBER

COVER

LEIF JONKER gets a mouthful
on the set of DARKNESS.

Photo courtesy Norseman Films

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DEAD MEAT

Even flies won't touch it....

A mysterious serial killer known only as the **Senses Taker** is leaving a trail of bodies with each of their five senses viciously removed. As the bodies pile up, the police department finds themselves further and further from identifying the killer. That's when detectives Brice and Mentum—much to their own and their captain's reluctance—are assigned to the case.

Enter **Simon**, a seemingly mild-mannered and well-respected gardener for a local church who has more than gardening on his mind. He prefers to spend his quiet days stocking his freezer with fresh meat for his pet piranha. Quiet, that is, until the Senses Taker's slaughter begins.

As the city's fear rises, so does the Senses Taker's media coverage. Proud of his "work" and tired of killing in obscurity, Simon decides he wants a piece of the pie—and the battle for the top story on the nightly news begins.

The body count rises, and the pressure is on Brice and Mentum to sift through the meager clues and catch their killer. Or killers. Are they solving the crime, or is someone leading them in circles?

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relatives will want one, too, so extras are
available for a measly ten bucks each—
what a great gift idea!



WE STAND CORRECTED!

Dear Chris,

It's amazing; all the rare, new groundbreaking info you cram into your magazines! You're always ahead of us with these big scoops! In fact, you seem to know more about my work than I do! I recently read in *FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE* that I'm doing a film called "Angel of Death" (?). Even I didn't know about it! Tell me more! Who's in it. When will I finish it?! I'm dying to know. It sounds interesting, I'd love to see it! Man, I'd better get started, I haven't even written a script!

While I won't confirm that I'm even remotely involved in "Angel of Death," I am indeed working on a fantasy/kung-fu/comedy called *AGE OF DEMONS*. I hope you can review AOD in *FILM THREAT*'s "Underground" section as well as in *FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE*. This video is a last-ditch effort to make my name somewhat known. I'm giving it my all: I'm tired of this miserable life. I hate living in the gutter (Hell, my neighborhood can't afford gutters!) and working in a mundane job. AOD isn't likely to change my pathetic life, but may ease the pain.

Hopefully AOD will be completed in less than a month. You'll be receiving your review copy soon and let me know if you want extra photos or info. Your help is graciously appreciated!

Thanks,
Damon
Foster

Damon,

We have always been fans of your publication *Oriental Cinema & Video*, but have been warned by a former Bay Area friend of yours that your films really suck. Mentioning *Demons* in last issue (though embarrassingly mistitled) was simply our way of killing space with some type and a photo of an incredibly attractive blonde (star Becca Torrez, again featured here). While we're holding you to your description of *Demons* as a "last ditch effort," we could be bribed for more coverage with Becca's phone number.



LEFT: Susan Richie, Becca Torrez and A. Cooper from Foster's (yes, this is the correct title) *AGE OF DEMONS*.

ABOVE: The tantalizing Becca Torrez.

TOP: Predictably, Tammie Garcia is mutilated in *DEMONS*.



U.K. IDIOCY EXPLAINED (AGAIN?)

Tony Jones
Flat 4,
10 Union Grove
Aberdeen,
Scotland
AB1 6SY

Dear Film Threat

In reference to your recent article regarding censorship in the UK, quite a few of the facts were wrong, or at least misinterpreted.

The fact of the very obscure law relating to "Video Nasties" is that it is not against the law to have such films, but it is against the law to pirate them or even swap them. I knew quite a few people caught up in the witch burning episode of last year and the reason why so many of them got screwed was because they themselves did not know the law and neither did the police and so naturally got all their tapes nicked, what the police were after were the people making a living out of pirating, they did not in fact watch every copy of "Zombie Flesh Eaters" to see whether they "eyeball scene" was there or not.

As Graham Rae said many of these films have been released heavily cut, its a con but a lot of people have bought them, Even Lenzi's abysmal "Eaten Alive" has been released. Although there are others which will never see the light of day mainly because of their title and reputation, "Texas Chainsaw" and Driller Killer for instance, it is actually illegal to use the word "Chainsaw" in the UK film industry, so when Fred Olan Ray released "Chainsaw Hookers" he used an icon of a chainsaw instead of a word, Fred always had style!

It's the inconsistencies of the film board which piss most collectors most, if something is vaguely connected with art it's okay, "Reservoir Dogs", "Bad Lieutenant", and even the film of the 1990's "Man Bites Dog" have been released uncut, then why the fuck is Blood Feast" a pile of crap from the sixties still banned? Pedro Almodovar and Peter Greenaway are never cut in the UK, never is Peter Jackson by the way, the brilliant "Brain Dead" was just passed uncut.

Magazines such as your own are very important as they defend against censorship, there's a good UK magazine called the "Dark Side" which advises people on matters concerning the law, it's nice to see an American equivalent. I just thought I'd let you know that there is a large band of freedom fighters in the UK risking life and limb in order to watch what should be a constitutional right in the first place.

Keep up the good work, we will also.

Yours.

TONY JONES

P.S. If Graham Rae ever gets the chance to read this, drop me a line and we can have a bitching session.

Dear Tony,

You mention our misinterpretation of the UK censorship dilemma yet list several reasons as to why there is a problem. I don't understand your point—maybe it's just the accent—but it's clear that the video nasties nonsense is something best left to the people it affects.

LOST IN CANADUH

AAAAA

Mr. Gore

Listen.

I would love (need) to order "tons" of movies and etc. from your pages but unfortunately I am from Canaduh.

Customs has discovered my awakenings to unpopular and avant garde culture and has black listed me. (Luckily I got the Story of O and the Kama Sutra through before they started checking my numerous packages.)

I'm writing you because maybe you, or someone you know, would be able to help me find a way to get "illegal" stuff into Canaduh from Amerika & over seas. R their secret tricks? I need to know.

There has to be a way to beat this (is fascism so strong of a word?) censorship. Without me having to move.

I'm so fucking pissed off, I wish I could get across my frustration, I hate being controlled.

I hope you will somewhat understand my dilemma. You took the time to set up a company to spread "underground" movies and etc. into "mainstream" society and I want to use it!

P.S. I have my business. Could it be possible to order stuff to my company while asking the people who send the stuff to put no return address on the package?

Thanx 4 listening.

X-Y-CHROMO

Dear X-Y-CHROMO,

As the Canadian customs officials now have FILM THREAT on their list of "suspicious" companies and individuals, we take the following steps when sending anything to the Great White North: (1) Don't use the FT name; (2) Don't use a California return address (as the whole state is considered "suspicious"); (3) Use plain, brown wrappers; (4) Send any suggestive artwork separately from videos to avoid attention; (5) Use UPS or Federal Express if possible, as these carriers bypass some customs problems; (6) Never send anything of value unless someone else paid for it. Of course being "black listed" as you are, none of these steps will help!

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12 MILLION BUCKS!?, FOR WHAT?!!!

Dave,

I enjoyed the entire issue of Film Threat on Mechanized Death and was most pleased that you decided to print my story. Just for the record: before FT printed this the FBI contacted me and wanted to buy me off. They offered me 12 million dollars(!) to advise them in the development of Mechanized Human Corpses. The full account I hope to print in FUCK #4 before they try any tricks. Oh, I refused their offer. Why would I want to contribute to making the scumbags stronger?

However, I am not going to run. How can I run from such covert shits—so I'm going to continue to plug away as if they're not going to try anything and you can run the ad for Deceased Fetus Trading Cards. Thanks again for allowing part of my story to be put out in the world. I only wish I could awaken the living dead masses out there rather than animate corpses.

Randall

P.S. People are far more intelligent when they're incapable of breathing. People are also more likeable when they're dead. They have better personalities and look much more interesting as corpses.

WHO'S EVER GOING TO "MATURE"?

WHAT ARE YOU SO ANGRY ABOUT? YOU ALL WRITE EXTREMELY WELL AND YOUR CRITICISM IS THOUGHTFUL. THAT'S A RARE THING. YOU ARE WRITING ABOUT INTERVIEWING INTERESTING PEOPLE DOING INTERESTING THINGS. JUST GIVING EXPOSURE TO THESE PEOPLE IS A MOST POTENT AND EFFECTIVE ACT OF SOCIETAL SUBVERSION. YOU DON'T HAVE TO PICK OUR SCABS AND MAKE THEM BLEED. YOUR ARTICLES NEED TO BE LONGER, MORE IN DEPTH. I LIKED THE 'MECHANIZED DEATH' THEME ISSUE, THOUGH. BUT STILL, ARTICLES TOO DAMN SHORT. LESS ABOUT MORE, I THINK. BUT YOU SHOULD BE LESS DEFENSIVE. PEOPLE EITHER UNDERSTAND THAT THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES OR THEY DON'T AND NEVER WILL. IF YOUR TOOL TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND IS CONFRONTATION, THEN I SAY TO HELL WITH THEM. NOT WORTH IT. (TWO THINGS TO REMEMBER ANYWAY) BUT IF YOUR TOOL IS SIMPLE INFORMATION, THEN YOU MIGHT TRY A FEW YOUR WAY. I WILL ENJOY WATCHING 'FTVG' MATURE.

JOEL SOTELO
7081 CAMELO HILLS DR.
CITRUS HEIGHTS CA. 95610

Joel,

You sound like a 20 year-old trying to sound like a 50 year-old. Lighten up—and pick your own scabs.

Randall,
Perhaps you should apply this singular outlook on life toward a "self-improvement" program we can all enjoy.

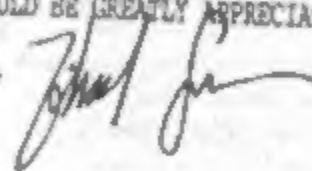
REVIEW REDUX

SPINEY NORMAN
FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE

SPINEY,

I'M WRITING IN REFERENCE TO YOUR REVIEW OF MY FILMS, GOOD TO BE HERE, VIVA LAS VENTRON AND LEFT TURNS THAT APPEARED IN ISSUE #7 OF FTVG. YOUR REVIEW WAS VERY POSITIVE BUT YOUR NUMBER REVIEW WAS JUST A 4. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I RECEIVED A 4 IF THIS TAPE WAS, "A PLEASURE TO WATCH", AS YOU PUT IT. I WAS NOT ABLE TO FIND ONE PIECE OF NEGATIVE CRITICISM IN THE WHOLE REVIEW WHICH LEADS TO BELIEVE IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN ERROR. PLEASE REREAD YOUR REVIEW AND GET BACK TO ME. IT WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

SINCERELY,



RICHARD SEARS
1660 SACRAMENTO #10
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

Richard,

I did enjoy the films very much and the body of the reviews stated such. I believe that I gave them grades of 7, 7 and 6, respectively, and a collective grade of 7. I must attribute the printed grade of "4" to an editorial oversight. For this I apologize.

—Spiney Norman

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IT'S OVER

Yes, I do want to cancel my subscription, here is your tape back. I really do not want to do any business with people, who are as rude and dismissive as you.

Herman Padilla
28729 S. Western Ave 149
RPU CALIF.

Herman Padilla

Dear Herman,
After all we've been through—and you end it so rudely and with such dismissiveness. Mother said it would never last...

IGNORED AND JEALOUS IN CHICAGO

FTVQ

I am not a person who normally writes to magazines, but upon reading your latest issue (#7, Banned Films) I am left wondering. I hope you can help me. First, I have to commend you on producing an undisputedly lame rag. This is a sad, but true reality. Sad, because it seems to be the only magazine of it's kind with a wide enough distribution to reach all the people that truly need and deserve an alternative video outlet. However, the fact remains that more than half the material you support is utter shit. It seems that the only type of film that appeals to you is one that falls in the following categories:

- 1) a budget of under \$10.00
- 2) looks and sounds like it was made with a budget of under \$1
- 3) Edited in an hour by some hipster junkie whilst he vainly attempts to penetrate-dead-whore with his falling club. (this can be a good thing...sometimes)
- 4) an insipid and vengefully tired script
- 5) Uninspired visuals
- 6) An untalented and visionless director
- 7) Some friend or relative of your editorial staff
- 8) combines any and all of the above.

Don't get me wrong. Some of the material you cover is definitely entertaining, and at times difficult enough to cause emotional problems, but these selections seem to be few and far between, and rarely do they get the coverage that they deserve. Instead you choose to promote folks like Richard Kern, Jorg Batembutt, Jim Sikora, and Dan Piotnick. It amazes me that in this land of freedom and perverse creativity, you can do no better than feature mediocre art school kuttups. I do, however, have to credit Piotnick with his magazine MOTORBOOTY, which is, next to YOUR FLESH and ANSWER ME, one of the finest products around. Unfortunately, he does not make good films.

TONY
Tony Gold
Dik Puss-Birdy Prod.

Tony,
Oddly, I highly enjoyed your film Dik, Puss 'n' Birdy, which was reviewed in last issue and received a coveted "10" scoring from the eternally bored Kevin Burke. Does that mean you are an untalented, visionless, broke relative of mine rife with insipid ideas? Could be. But what would you care anyways, as we are so "indisputably" lame? (Check your Webster's.)

SPIELBERG SUSPICIONS

Vic Stanley
510 E.

Seegers Rd. Apt 2E

60016-3054

Des Plaines, IL

Dear Dave,

What's the real story on this rumor I heard about Steven Spielberg being a child molester? Pedophiles usually drift into lines of work like daycare, grade school custodians or priests where they will be near children. When I heard about Spielberg I could think only of ET and how screwed up Drew Barrymore is.

Are you going to be distributing Kern's "The Sewing Circle"?

Regards,

Vic

Vic,
Sorry, but I don't know what you're talking about in regard to Mr. Spielberg—but look for him to be distancing himself from friend Michael Jackson. However, R. Kern's The Sewing Circle, featuring the voluptuous Kembra Pfahler's privates being temporarily saturated shut, will be available on a Kern compilation in the near future.



WHAT KINDS OF FILMS?

OF ALL THE PHONE CALLS AND LETTERS we get, the most problematic come from people who want to be distributed by FILM THREAT VIDEO. And the most difficult of all is the query, "What kind of films are you guys looking for *specifically*?"

That's a tough one, ranking up there with "If you were stranded on a desert island, what movies would you want?" and "If Superman and Jesus Christ got in a fight, who'd win?" So, *specifically*, we have no idea.

The truth is, we don't care, so long as it isn't yet another boring retread of something else.

As the mainstream absorbs the underground, reworks it and makes tons of money off it, less imaginative independents attempt to replicate the successful formulas, adding just enough of a twist to make them (hopefully) "different." A touch more gore, a tad of deviance and a taste of nudity are thrown into the familiar mix like exotic spices added to a runa casserole. Frankly, I like a really good casserole on occasion (to remind me of my white trash roots), but little extras do nothing to conceal the predictable blandness of the dish.

It is what it is

One film that recently came in for consideration is a prime example of this dilemma. Described as a nostalgic, 1950s B-grade sci-fi flick redressed for the 90s, it boasted a familiar alien invasion scenario coupled with the now-expected exploitation elements: Gratuitous gore and plenty of tits. Technically accomplished as it was, the movie failed as it slavishly mimicked the style and atmosphere of something it could never be: A nostalgic, 1950s B-grade sci-fi flick.

"We cut it on the Avid system, did the 24-track hi-fi mix and transferred the master to D2..." the filmmaker rambled in *technobabble* when faced with the reality that his film sucked.

He had obviously not considered the possibility that anyone would actually worry about anything other than whether he was technically capable of making a film. This kind of hardware obsession runs rampant among those devoid of creative ideas—especially since it is easily satiated by throwing large sums of money at the

problems until either they're solved or you're broke.

Looking at the films we do distribute, some may mistakenly assume we only like horror films or anything involving human tragedy. Wrong again.

Alex Winter and Tom Stern's anthology *Squeal of Death* is a comedy. Craig Baldwin's *Tribulation 99: Alien Anomalies Under America* is a psycho-parody documentary. The Survival Research Laboratories tapes are pure performance art films.

But like the other films we have chosen to carry, these videos, however diverse, share one thing in common: They are unlike anything you can find elsewhere on video, in the theatres or on television.

It's this kind of creative challenge all filmmakers should be aspiring to, not the mechanical tasks of "figuring out what the marketplace wants," trying to decipher the success formulas of others or over-compensating with thousands of dollars of invisible production values.

For those who *do* prefer to throw money at their shortcomings, try hiring a writer to perform this task

Poverty-stricken members of the FTVG staff (including me) can be reached by prospective check-writers through the magazine.

David E. Williams
Editor-in-Chief

SPECIAL NOTE TO VIDEO CUSTOMERS!

While most video orders are processed and shipped within three weeks after they are received, some tapes may not be in stock and require time to be reordered. However, if you feel there is a *real* problem call (818) 848-8971 and leave a complete message including your phone number and the exact date of your order or (better yet) send a postcard to FTV, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078. **DO NOT** call FILM THREAT magazine. FILM THREAT VIDEO is a separate company and only WE can help you. Thanks!



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SCAN

A complete guide to the films and videos sent to us over the past three months by every shlub with access to a camera and \$1.50 in postage money.

GLENDA AND CAMILLE GO DOWNTOWN

29Min/Video

Screaming Orgasm Prods.



"A day without pornography is a day without sunshine," so say Glenda Orgasm (the drag queen persona of Glenn Belverio) and writer Camille Paglia. Apparently this piece is somehow connected to porn classic *Debbie Does Dallas*. Whatever their influence, Glenda and Camille have good fun trashing the feminist establishment while exploring New York City landmarks. Glenda and Camille's adventures as they wander about Greenwich Village is intercut with footage of beauty pageants and porn films. The "girls" visit a gay men's porn store, scream at anti-porn feminists



Go Downtown with Glenda and Camille.

and generally philosophize about Drag Queen Feminism—a term coined by Paglia based on her theory "Woman as Dominatrix of the Universe." The major problem with *Downtown* is the microphones (which, ironically, accurately represent the personalities of the users): Camille's skinny but powerful mic works too well and she comes off like a dogma-spewing porn fundamentalist. (Perhaps that's the point.) Glenda, on the other hand, is equipped with a big, clumsy mic that doesn't seem to be turned on. (Hope that's not the point.) Sound is especially bad when both try using Glenda's dildo-like equipment. Other highlights include a discussion about the similarities between S&M and massage, shots of self-flagellating clergy, and the scary close-ups of Glenda's face. Well worth seeing.

—Courtney E. Winfree



Linda is a fun (cheap) date in *SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY*.

SHE'S FUNNY THAT WAY

29 Min/Super 8

Greg Elison and Greg Shiff



This video did not come with any information except the label which says

"University of California, Santa Barbara"—where I assume these guys go (went?) to school. *She's Funny That Way* has a basic "Lonely guy with a dead end job and no girl friend" plot. Darren, the lonely guy who can't get a date, ends up having a relationship with a blow-up sex

doll. Before he fully commits to his doll, Darren watches *Batman* on TV and hires a prostitute. The requisite arty, well-lit sex scene—no nudity, but some moaning—follows. Of course, Darren's relationship with Linda (the doll) is mired in communication problems. So he buys a talking Barbie, hoping to better relate to Linda. This, too, is limiting and their relationship is destined to fail. They finally break-up, literally, when Darren's apartment manager walks in on the happy couple engaged in conversation. This embarrassment drives Darren over the edge, but his love for Linda remains until the end. Though it's not worth getting, *She's Funny* shows some promise. It is funny to see Darren in a serious relationship with a doll: he talks to her, they dance, they go to a drive-in movie, they fuck. But

it could have been tightened up a bit in the editing and dialogue. As a fifteen minute film, it would have been fine. Other than that, the black and white looks great with the lighting, and the Frank Sinatra soundtrack was an excellent choice for the mood I'd like to see what these guys are doing now. (Check out *Henry Dies In the End* article this issue, page 34.)

—Nicholas Constant

OFF THE GROUND & OFF THE WALL: A DOORSTOP DOCUMENTARY

39 Min/Video

Iron Frog Productions



First-time filmmaker Gary Roma does a fine job exploring the wacky world of doorstops—of the portal proping kind—in this fast mov-



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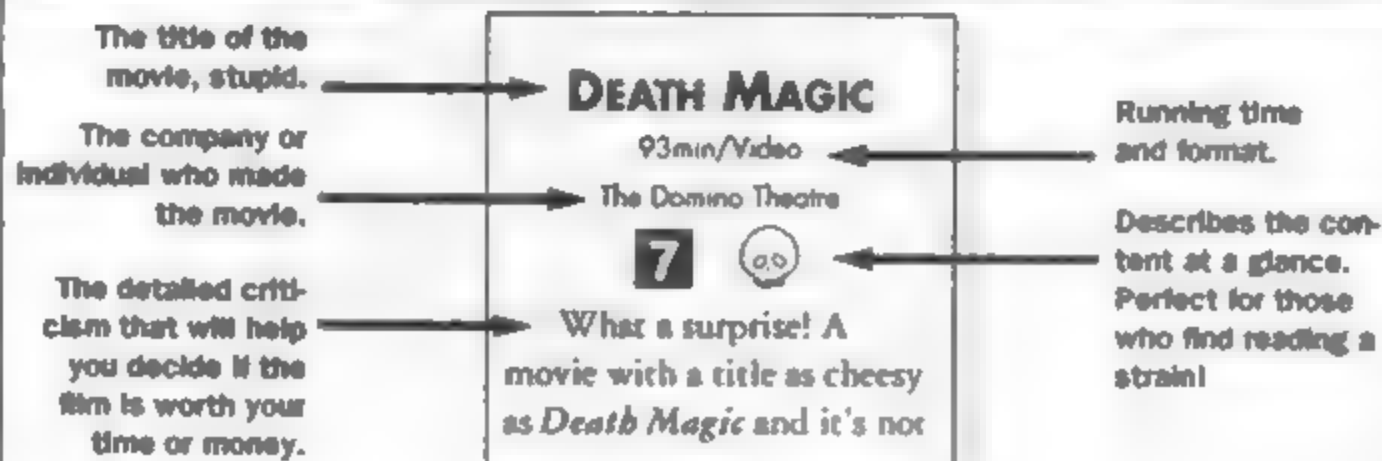
RATINGS

- 10** Perfect! A must for any collection and worth twice the price!
- 9** Excellent. Definitely worth seeing.
- 8** Great. We're jealous and wish we'd thought of it.
- 7** Very Good. Would get the filmmaker an "A" at U.C.L.A.
- 6** Good. But not "very good." Wait until you have extra cash.
- 5** A few good scenes, but only at the 7-Eleven security-cam level.
- 4** Dull. But interesting at scan speed.
- 3** Trance-inducing. Not interesting, even at scan speed.
- 2** Bad. You have a new blank tape.
- 1** Sucks! No explanation necessary.

CLASSIFICATIONS

No Budget	Horror	Action	Classic
Low Budget	Nudity	Subversive	Animated
Big Budget	Arty	Surreal	Sci-Fi
Comedy	Music	Documentary	Pop Culture
Drama	Music Video	Instructional	Compilation

READING OUR REVIEWS





TV movie critic Shalit and son in *Doorstop*.

ing, well scripted work. Roma admits to owning over 300 doorstops in this documentary featuring TV movie critic Gene Shalit, two professors of philosophy and several doorstop aficionados from New Jersey. Appropriate newspaper funnies intercut detailed explanations of durability testing and actual footage from the Big Foot doorstop factory. One especially informative section warns of the dangers of non-flexible doorstops. A law professor discusses implications of illegal doorstops and cites the gruesome doorstop squabble resolved by a hatchet and large fork. The two philosophers have decidedly different theories as to the relevance of doorstops with one fabricating an allegory for the disintegration of culture. The other is even more esoteric: "Imagine a world in which there never were doors—we can imagine in that world someone created this very object to, let's say, play a game with or something. Or do we have to say, 'No there would not have been this object'?" On the other side of the intellectual fence, an art director reads the directions from a package she designed on how to properly use a wedge doorstop. And for those who really like to get their money's worth, Roma demonstrates how a combina-

tion doorstop/deodorant diffuser functions. Throughout the documentary, doorstop experts (most appear to reign from Jersey) enthusiastically apprise viewers of the value of their collections, offering a historical analysis of the subject. If all this sounds remarkably interesting, perhaps you should do what Gene Shalit recommends to the filmmaker: See a doctor.

—C.E.W.

ZOMBIE MASSACRE

45 Min/Super 8

Paragon Pictures

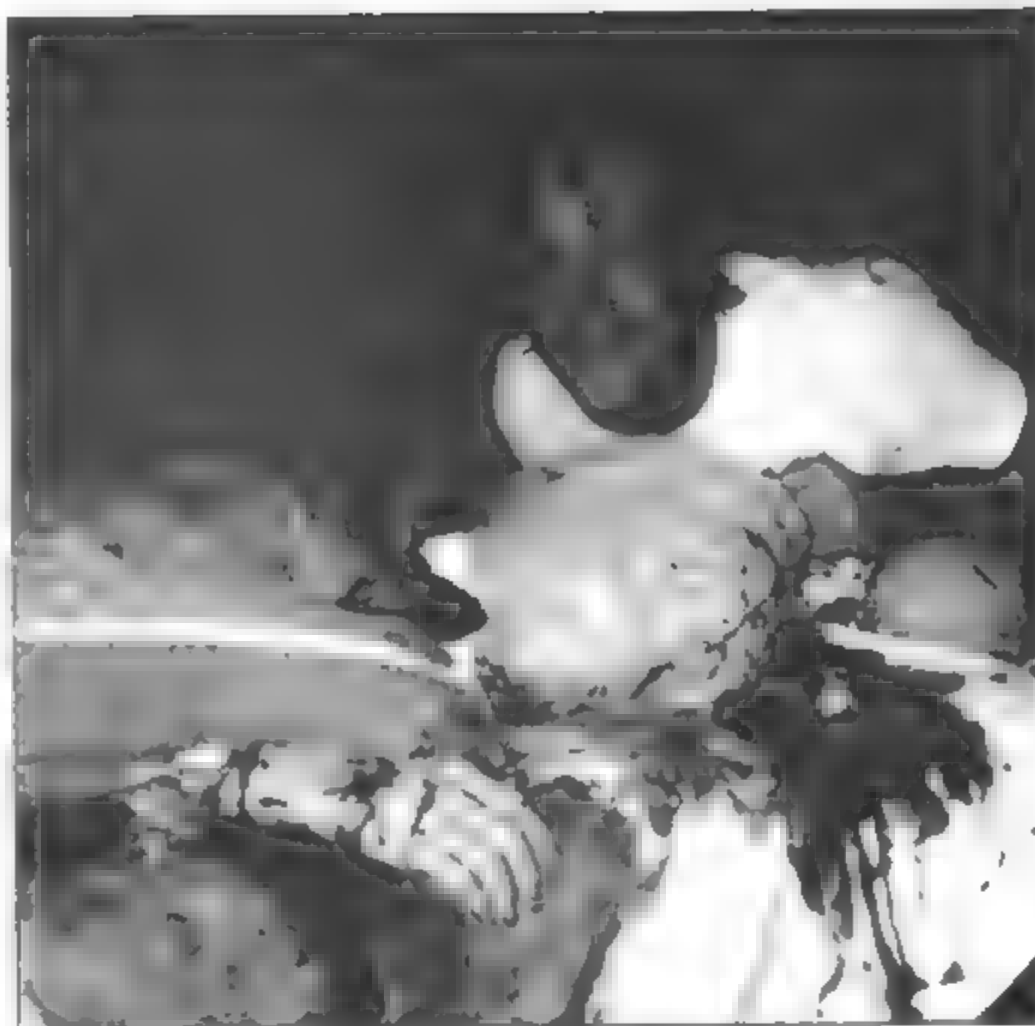


If you look at *Zombie Massacre* as an intentionally bad spoof film, you can really enjoy it. In the predictable plot, some beer guzzling bozo accidentally loses a drum of toxic waste. The container ends up overturned in a forest where an 8-year-old boy inexplicably falls into a toxic puddle, mutating into an evil flesh-hungry zombie. The zombie boy sends the town into a panic when he begins to mutilate his neighbors, becoming ever more zombified as time goes on. No emmy's here for dialogue. The town cop and his son talk about not leaving the house:

Boy: *I can take care of myself*

Dad: *Yea right, What about the time you cut your finger?*

You're right, Dad, that finger-cutting incident sure was a disaster. Coupled with bad effects, the writing can pass for campy. Santor readily admits to being influenced by *Night of The Living Dead*. And he should. Admit it. The cool parts of *Zombie Massacre* include the music, the cover, the credits and a truly gross toilet-death scene but you can probably find something bet-



MOONLIGHT director Hanft in a shot NOT from the film.

ter to do with 45 minutes of your life than watch this.

—C.E.W.

KILL THE MOONLIGHT

80 Min/Super 8

Steven Hanft



Too long. For the first twenty minutes of *Moonlight* you see a lot of stock cars racing around a track, but you still have no idea what the hell this is going to be about. A bad relationship, a bumbling country boy, who knows? Somewhere around the half-way mark, a plot begins to materialize. Chance is a bone-headed loser with a loser's life and really no chance at all to fix his car's engine so he can race. But (of course) *Kill the Moonlight* is a story about not giving up, about "creating opportunities out of obstacles." Everyone he knows or meets takes advantage of Chance. He is the butt-boy for a local hood named Dennis, willingly carrying out the dirtiest of crime jobs in order to earn a few bucks toward the \$2500 needed to fix his

mobile. How Chance has the balls to stay in town, ya' gotta wonder. He punches out a gun-toting bad boy, pawns a hot rifle using his own ID, is forced to run down the street in his underpants, shorts Dennis in a coke deal, and takes off his protective wear while cleaning up a toxic spill. What a dope. After nearly dying for his passion, Chance ends up more of a loser than ever. The twisted finish is a bright spot in this film. *Moonlight* would be a lot more watchable if Hanft cut half of it out.

—C.E.W.

BLOOD SUMMER

45 Min/Video

M.S.S. Films



Enjoy the show ... and my young actresses ... they are burning for a great review ... set us on fire, says the promo material for director Matthew Smith's fake-blood-fest, *Blood Summer*. Unfortunately, after enduring this waste of time and videotape, the only thing that should be burning is this



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tape! From what I could make out, the unbelievably muddled storyline rips off the dead mother idea in *Psycho*, but—now here's a twist—the mummified stiff is dear old Dad Ooooh! (See, the bad guy is killing people off so everyone will leave their trailer court homes so the dead dad can build condos on his property now and, oh, never mind!) The stilted dialogue and wooden performances of the cast match the feeble quality of the storyline. (Hint: If you're gonna have two women in lingerie kiss, they should at least act as though they enjoy it.) Frankly, as none of the characters had any charisma whatsoever, I just didn't care what happened to them. Even during the obligatory nude shower scene, I just didn't care what happened to the blonde. The scene was pointless, the blood was pointless. For that matter, the breasts were pointless thanks to the crappy picture quality.

—Merle Bertrand

THE LAW

30 Min/Video
Starlight Pictures



I really wanted to like this film because I could tell that writer/producer/director Gabriel Campisi and crew had busted their collective asses trying to stretch no money into a decent science-fiction film. The result is a near miss. Fritz Coligan knows the location of an extremely important crystal, and *The Law*—alien G-Men in trench coats and sunglasses—wants the crystal bad. This threadbare, rehearsed plotline unfolds in a standard "long chase, plot exposition, followed by more long chase" fashion. Please, don't tell us what's going on. Show us. Having bitched about all that, this film does have several

moments. Everything is shot well, the editing is decent and the score, while bordering on "Casio-Sound," is catchy. Combine all that with competent, mildly cheesy, computer effects and this isn't an entirely unpleasant half hour of viewing. It is actually sorta like watching a *Dr. Who* episode starring college kids. I honestly don't think *The Law* is quite up to professional standards (i.e., I couldn't recommend buying the tape), but keep an eye on director Campisi and his associates. A little more experience and they're on their way.

—M.B.

MONGRELAZARIUM PRODUCTIONS DEMO REEL

50 Min/Video

Mongrelazarium Productions



This is a strange tape to review, because it is a compilation tape of unfinished films, trailers, isolated scenes, and the like. Thus, the ability to judge it as a completed work is severely hampered.

Nonetheless, this reel (which is just a demo after all) was, at least, not too painful to watch. Filmmakers David Edmiston and John Mena have done quite a good job making engaging special effects with little to no money. The editing on all the clips included is very solid, and particularly good on the two mock teasers for the fake movie,

Mongrelazarium. However, the duo needs to tighten up their story telling a lot when it comes to longer productions. While there were genuine flashes of humor in *Stone Cranium* (the longest piece on the tape) and in *The Mirage* (the only two installments of an aborted adventure serial) the fight, effect, and



THE MONGRELAZIUM DEMO REEL: A special effects feast brimming with hooded terrorists and advanced weaponry.

action sequences are still much more polished than the storytelling, acting and cinematography. Still, it seems like all the elements are there for Mongrelazarium Productions to take that next big step: Write a good script, get some decent actors and make an honest to God feature

—M B

BITE RADIUS

15 Min/16mm

Eric Fogel



A group of three archaeologists are on a dig when one of them uncovers a strange piece of jaw bone from a rodent that was larger than any other creature of its time. They then discover that—gasp, surprise!—the killer rodents are still alive to this day. (Don't ask how. The given explanation went from a stretch to the ridiculous in a matter of a few seconds.) When the party tries to capture one of the rodents alive, it attacks, of course, along with a

whole horde of other hand puppet cousin critters. (If you remember the killer rabbit sequence from *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*, you'll get a really good idea how these killer rodents looked.) Needless to say, lots of fake blood flows freely, and everyone dies. I don't know. If director Eric Fogel is hoping for a career directing routine slasher/horror flicks, then *Bite Radius* proves he can do that competently. Hence the "5" rating. For what it is, it's an okay, straightforward, low budget horror short

—M B

DIGGERS

9 Min/16mm

Ted Dewberry



First the good news. *Diggers*, a black comedy short by Ted Dewberry, is technically competent. Everything is exposed alright, the frame composition is fine, you can understand every word the

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characters say, etc. Because these qualities are rare among the many tapes we review (and therefore commendable), once we find a technically decent video, a new set of more demanding factors comes into play. Like, do you care about

the characters? Does the story make sense? Is the acting and writing any good? Is a film funny, (dramatic, horrific, erotic, whatever)? In other words, does the film affect the audience as its creators intended? In the case of *Diggers*,

STILL FRAME

SURVIVAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES PREVIEW TO THEIR UPCOMING SHOW

AS OUTLINED

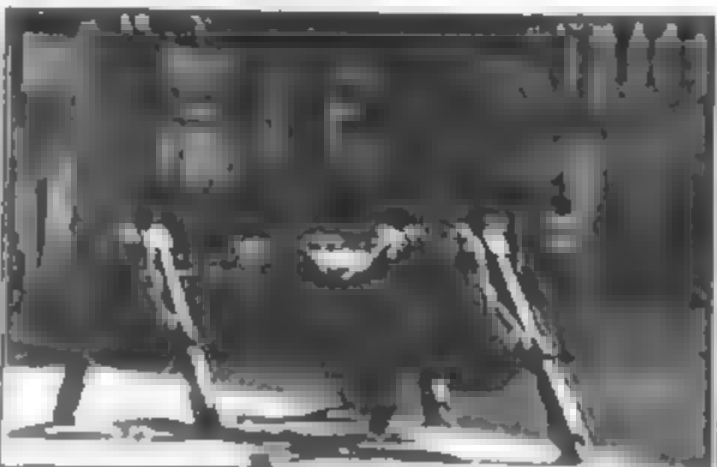
In last issue, Survival Research Laboratories has had a long affiliation with video, resulting in several essential documentary tapes. For most people this has been their sole means of seeing SRL performances. Luckily, there is both new video to be seen and an upcoming event to attend. According to SRL director Mark Pauline, a new show is scheduled to take place November 13, 1993 in Oakland, California. Held in a massive industrial warehouse space, this will be one of SRL's few enclosed extravaganzas and, according to Pauline, "It's going to be a really killer show because we've had plenty of time to prepare this one." For show info: SRL, 1458-C San Bruno Ave., San Francisco, CA 94110. **PT**



Mark Pauline



1 Flames belch in Leslie Asako Gladsjo's documentary of the 1992 SRL/San Francisco Museum of Modern Art groundbreaking ceremony.



2 The six-legged, chain-driven running Machine scrambles across the pavement toward an unsuspecting crowd.

alas, no. In the film, grave diggers go on strike, forcing one desperate lady to bury her father at a pet cemetery. Okay, so what? This is a one joke premise that drags on for nine minutes. And it's not even a funny joke. I suppose it could've been funny in a macabre way. But the story meanders from one misfired scene to another, never achieving the timing that comedy, particularly morbid comedy, desperately requires to be effective. And, because all the characters in the film—a bitchy daughter, a wimpy husband, a whiny grandson, and two sleazy undertakers—are so obnoxious, any remaining chance for humor is lost, leaving only a slight queasiness at the subject matter. Ha, ha, funny.

—M.B.

SHADOW HUNTER

85 Min/Super 8

Fourth World Films



One observation sums up the problems with Eric Fogel's *Shadow Hunter*: no screenplay credit and three script supervisors! And, man, does it show! The premise is kind of a neat, creepy idea: our shadows are actually our darker, evil selves who occupy a parallel dimension. So, the monsters are shadows, which is cheap, creepy, and it looks great on film. But, unfortunately, they blew it with their garbled script. Whenever I hear "_____ is trying to take over the world!" in a low budget film, I know it's trouble because that's usually just too big a premise to pull off with no money. And, evil shadows trying to take over the world is exactly what's happening here—I think. I'm not sure because this thing was so confusing. I gave up trying to keep the plot straight about half-way through. Technically, the film is a bit too dark throughout and the sound and dubbing is kinda shaky. But the entire cast actually does a decent job saving the muddled storyline. Special kudos to them for *trying*. It wasn't their fault you can't follow what's happening. No, you can blame that on the confusing direction, weak editing and, mostly, the phantom script writer.

—M.B.

DEADBEAT

50 Min/Super 8

Supercheap Films Co.



According to NYU film student and *Deadbeat* director, Neil Capolongo, this film explores the generational lethargy plaguing those who grew up threatened by nuclear destruction. Except for the first six minutes which, looped, would provide excellent footage to trip to, *Deadbeat* falls far short of exploring, or delivering, anything. Neil, a 39-year-old hack drummer, still sneaks out to his car to get stoned. At home, he assumes the role of couch potato warrior, obsessively watching a film about the hydrogen bomb destroying earth. Although some good graphic footage and twisted audio is used effectively throughout the film, the plot is trite and offers no real insight into the plight of the baby-boomer mentality. Neil is not a character the viewer can relate to, except for perhaps the difficulty he has in securing employment. Pointless and clichéd symbolism abounds. For example, Neil runs from a beautiful summery suburban landscape up a snow covered hill to convey the threat of nuclear winter. And, Capolongo doesn't fail to provide the obligatory falling asleep in front of the TV dream sequence. *Deadbeat* ends ambiguously, leaving the viewer hungry for something more substantial.

—C.E.W.

PAIN OF THE MACHO

12 Min/Super 8 & Video

Painful Productions



Fidel is a macho Latino busboy with a thing for skinny blond Anglo women in this funny short from writer-director Rick Najera. As Fidel serves a sexy prospective Miss Right coffee, he recounts with puppy dog eyes how a former customer broke his heart after a single night of passion. It's a night we see in flashback, while Fidel provides running commentary. We find out, however, that Fidel is a con artist and the sad story of his broken heart is gonna get him laid tonight. Najera (who also stars as Fidel) turns racial stereotypes into tongue-in-cheek farces, without glossing

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**Retro Romero:
Not thrilled?**

IT SURE SOUNDED LIKE A GREAT IDEA, but the would-be gala bash celebrating the 25th Anniversary of George Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* was about as lifeless as the title characters of the film it was meant to honor. Could it be that the few fans who actually attended (about 2,500 compared to an anticipated 10,000) were expecting too much? Was the hype surrounding the show just a set-up for inevitable disappointment? Did the promoters sell their subject matter short by failing to come up with enough attractions to warrant the astronomical \$75 Gold Pass gate fee? (Okay, the regular tickets were about \$20 and the Gold Pass also got you a boat ride with Romero, a Tom Savini-lead tour of the *Dawn of the Dead* mall and more—but \$75!) Did the attendees smell the fear in the air as exhibitors shit their pants over low sales of *Deadesque* memorabilia and other gruesome trinkets? Or are we all just sick and tired of watching this moth-eaten war horse being trotted out as the genre's answer to *Citizen Kane*? (Well, I'm not...)

Romero himself, The Man of The Hour, certainly seemed to think so, walking out on the jamboree screening of *NOLD* seemingly in protest of the spliced, scratched and battle-worn print Jamboree coordinators John Russo and Imagine dredged up for his "tribute." Maybe he was just depressed over his baby's infamous legal legacy—and the shamelessness of the entire scene.

J.R. Bookwalter (*The Dead Next Door*, *Ozone*) and Tom Brown's long-awaited *Dead* documentary (Tempe Video) made it's debut at the Jamboree to decidedly mixed reviews. *Night of the Living Dead: A 25th Anniversary Documentary*, while an essential purchase for the die-hard Romero devotees, will probably prove deadly boring to the average horror geek with it's attention paid to *NOLD* esoterica within esoterica.

The round table discussion between Romero, Russo and other key Image 10 players is pretty entertaining as they ramble about how they scammed the film into existence, but watching a bunch of codgers reminisce about their youth can get dull fast—especially when most of them have little else to show for the 25 years since. Romero himself looks bored, and while it shouldn't be any surprise, the softly-spoken director allows his old pals to take center stage. Well, okay.

Much of the rest of the tape consists of "celebrity" remarks on *NOLD*, including questions about first encounters with the film, what scared them, etc. Aside from the incredibly out of place presence of FILM THREAT editors Chris Gore and Dave Williams (Where the hell was Tony Timponi?), the list is impressive (even if their recent work has sucked) as John Landis, Sam Raimi, Wes Craven and more, fondly recount their *NOLD* experiences. After *Night of the Living Dead: A 25th Anniversary Documentary*, the cow is officially dry. —Gabe Alvarez **TV-14**

over the fact that these stereotypes exist in the first place because people play along with them. But *Pain of the Macho* is not a film that needs to be dissected while searching for the hidden sociological ramifications of race relations blah, blah, blah or anything quite so heavy handed. Instead, this is a great *Saturday Night Live* skit waiting to happen. It's well shot (if the whole thing had been shot in film, it'd get an 8 rating), the acting is good, and it's funny. Maybe if Najera saves a bit more cash for his next budget, we'll get the real thing.

—M.B.

MR. RIGHT

30 Min/Video
Lonely Guy Productions



A goofy-looking guy gets dumped on by the girl of his dreams. How's that for a novel concept? As he woos her with home-cooking, she's busy boffing the guy's best friend (and anyone else she meets). The Lonely Guy ends up under the sheets by himself, realizing his role in life as a "mental vibrator" is anything but stimulating. Filmmaker uses Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole and other sloppy love songs effectively but there's not much else here.

—C.E.W.

THREE SHORTS

10 Min/Super 8 B/W & Color
Carlos Garcia



Carlos Garcia made these three short films in the early '80s while he was a student at Rutgers University. Like most student films, they have not stood the test of time. *Life of a Cockroach* is a simple film

about the demise of a cockroach. Although the roach's death isn't standard student film fare, it doesn't warrant a second viewing—or even a first. Boasting a cool Moog soundtrack, *Relief* uses the ever popular Penis-Cam to give the viewer a Lettermanesque perspective of a guy taking a leak. Not all that exciting... most of the boys in the audience have seen this before. It is kind of funny when the guy shakes off. Not "Ha Ha Ha!" funny but more like one of those through the nose laugh-breaths, acknowledging something clever. Something clever is achieved exactly once during this short. *Star Truck* spoofs *Star Trek* using racial and sexual stereotypes (Dr. Spook, the Faggotrons) and characters from *The Honeymooners*. Assorted toys,

tin cans and a Rubik's cube stand in for space ships as primitive frame-by frame laser effects streak by and the song "Macho Man" by The Village People becomes a universal symbol for homosexuality. Clichéd jokes like "May the fart be with you" and Mr. Spook saying, "I don't believe my ears" abound. These gags might have been funny in the early Eighties (when I was 10), but now they are old and tired. Twenty bucks? Yea, right. Send in something new, buddy.

—NC

TECHNACIDE

15 Min/Video
Chop Top Films



There was a theory, once upon a time, that with the

advent of the consumer video camera and other such desktop video gear, we would be treated to a whole bunch of up and coming Spielbergs, Lucases and Coppolas. (Not that that's necessarily a good thing.—Ed.) With equipment now so cheap, the theory went, you wouldn't need kazillions of dollars to make movies. Anyone would be able to make a movie without having to rob a bank to fund it. Unfortunately, the flip side of that theory is that hundreds of awful, shot on video "films" would be puked out by anyone who could afford a camcorder and a Video Toaster. Which is what seems to be the case with *Technacide*. In the first couple of minutes, our hero tells us he's become obsessed with using mind control to manipulate empty TV channel fre-

quencies to contact spirits. And that's the last we hear of the plot. For the rest of the tape, director Brian Paulin shows us mind numbing computer/video effects—which are sorta neat at first, but the novelty wears off fast—followed by amateurish gore effects as the hero's head explodes for no apparent reason. What the aforementioned theory apparently forgot to take into account was the ability to create tiny little details like plot, characters, continuity—insignificant things like that. The same things that *Technacide* didn't take into account. Watching ten minutes of pulsing video effects may be mildly interesting at first; but, so's staring at a lava lamp.

—M.B.

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IN THE WORKS

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AGE OF DEMONS

Acerbic *Oriental Cinema* editor-in-chief Damon Foster (*Hot Dogs On the Run*) returns to making his own kung-fu comedies with *Age of Demons*, a cartoon-like homage to the Asian trash films he loves so dearly. Though we'd have to wonder where he finds time between issues of his dense-as-lead publication (chock full of super-opinionated ramblings about Jackie Chan, Ultra Man, Tsui Hark, John Woo, Godzilla and a multitude of others), we have to hand it to him for putting his money where his mouth is.



AGE OF DEMONS

NEKRO COMIC BOOKS

Just when you thought it was safe to be buried, German director Jorg Buttgereit (*Nekromantik*, *Nekromantik 2*, *The Death King* and the upcoming *Schramm* as previewed in this issue) turns to another medium to creep you out and help convince your mother that you *do* belong in military school. This B&W squirmfest, with art by Mika Myyry, dialogue by David Kerekes and based on Buttgereit's own story, is probably the only sure fire way to at once fulfill your necrophiliac fantasies while also satisfying the equally insatiable urge to purchase, bag and store a paper-based collectable. Unlike the now ultra-rare *Death King* graphic adaptation, this book will be entirely in English—though it seems doubtful most buyers will be doing more than enjoying the fine illustrations. **(M)**



NEKROMANTIK 2: THE COMIC BOOK



The sequin-jacketed gas station King in *UNDER THE EL*.

ACTRESS RINDS

25 Min/Video 8 Color

James Glader



If you're into watching cute, arty high school kids on TV, this video is for you.

Actress Rinds is about a couple of guys hanging out in a coffee shop talking. Sort of a *My Dinner With Andre* meets *Pretty in Pink*. Three things plague the mind of one guy: writing dialogue, meeting the girl he reaches when he dials a wrong number, and eating the rinds of melons eaten by beautiful actresses. Another kid is obsessed with a girl sitting in the corner of the coffee shop. The third guy just talks. Most of the dialogue has been dubbed in, with the main character sounding like Jack Nicholson. The best line, and an eerie premonition of the ending, is "Wake up and smell the coffin." Extra points for the vagrant outside the coffee house and the girl with a book hand. Minus points for the unsuccessful attempt of a Spielberg *Zoom* and a couple burn fantasy scenes. James Glader made this film for \$200 and wonders if he "might be ripping off people by selling it for \$15." I'd have to say yes. It's not a great film, and it doesn't look like he

spent \$200 bucks. Somewhere along the way he got ripped off. If you want to make your money back, Mr. Glader, try a lawsuit.

—N.C.

UNDER THE EL

31 Min/Video

Tony Rogers



Great packaging and an excellent opening credit sequence offers promise for *Under the El*, but once it's underway, the movie gets real blah, real fast. *El* is about a man obsessed with Elvis. He dresses, talks, is named after, and acts like the King. He even sleeps with a jar of peanut butter. *El* wants to be an Elvis impersonator—not like the 70s Las Vegas era Elvis, but like the young and rockin' Elvis of the 50s. A gas station attendant by day, *El* dodges barbs by his boss and various customers who think Elvis "sucks." Eventually, *El* is replaced by a guy who looks like Fabian. Before he's fired from the station, *El* meets Priscilla, an aptly named Elvis fan. A disastrous date at Sizzler proves to be only a minor setback in the making of this legend. *El*'s success cul-

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minutes in a gig at the local bar with his only friend, Taps, a stuttering street musician. A typical romantic comedy ending completes the plot. As a fan of Elvis, I'm always interested in movies about him, but a filmmaker has to be pretty clever to tackle the King. Though it looks good video-wise, *Under the El* doesn't cut it as Elvis parody movies go

—N.C.

A STRANGER IN TOWN

30 Min/Video

Jeff Vaugen



Watching Jeff Vaugen's *A Stranger In Town* is like watching gay porn without the halfway decent looking guys or the sex. Alex Masterson is an actor who is sick of Hollywood, so he

decides to take a trip. Along the way he gets kidnapped by an escaped convict and his brother, which leads him through an implausible set of circumstances that propel this movie into the stratosphere of boredom. Lowlights include a bad synthesizer soundtrack, an annoying drum machine, and bad acting. The only saving grace was old man Samuel played by Ted Fuller. His part was funny but could have been a laugh riot if it had been worked at longer.

—N.C.

MERCY & TANZ DEBIL

9 Min/Super 8 B&W

Terror Dockal Productions



Mercy is a moody look at a death row inmate's mental self-examination from the seat of the electric chair. This one's sure to impress the Goths in the audience, with cool music and lots of black and white slow-mo shots of a woman pacing around a man in a bathtub. There is an attempt at a perspective shift at the end of the film, making executioner the executed, but it is not done all that well. I think some more work on the dialogue and story from director Mark Bakaiti could have helped *Mercy* immensely. Not bad, but not much better than MTV's *120 Minutes* either. The tape also came with *Tanz Debil*, an earlier work by Bakaitis that has a pseudo-Goth feel. It is an attempt at a



A tattooed tubber awaits execution in the moody *Mercy*.

psycho-narrative, with a shot of a guy in a rocking chair intercut with quick flashes of other footage. There's a lot of speeded up shots that give it a nice feel, but not a whole lot of narrative or visual enticement to keep up an interest. Overall, it seems Bakaitis is good with rock video moodiness, but he has to work on his overall cinematic delivery

—N.C.

THE STORY OF MOMMY AND DADDY

20 Min/Video

A Mike Trippiedi Production



The parental duo of this light-hearted suburban tale have more than their share of domestic problems: spousal abuse, circus sexuality, and bulimia, just to name a few. Meghan, the only child of this dysfunctional family, cracks under increasing pressure, landing herself in the confining comforts of a straight jacket and padded room. It is here where she spouts off to a

Freudian doctor about her skewed lifestyle: the bulimic gang she belongs to, cramming their faces then purging their guts out; her father's kinky, yet innocuous affair with Zipper the Clown; and her mother's psycho-jealous abuse of the father! There is a lot going on here, and Trippiedi's direction and the cast's mediocre acting carry this farce as far as it will go. But, it seems like there is just too much going on here, trying to be as ridiculous and outrageous as possible. Ha...ha, funny, but not HA!, funny, if you know what I mean.

—Chris O'Flaherty

MOVIE, MOVIE, MOVIE

25 Min/Super 8

John Puteh and Michael Pizzuto



This 1979-made short begins weakly with two decrepit old farts (in bad make-up, no less) going to the movies. Quickly, unfunny jokes ensue. They park on the curb, slam the car door on their clothing, and bumble about like the incompetent

buffoons they are. I, for one, do not favor such slapstick, silent-film humor. So I waited apprehensively to see if the next twenty minutes would make up for the poor beginning. Thankfully, it did. The geezers watch short films spoofing three genre classics: *Star Wars*, *Dirty Harry*, and the campy *Batman* of the '60s. What made this funnier than it may seem is the "borrowed" *Star Wars* scenes interspersed with Putch and Pizzuto's Super 8 footage and cornball acting. I even laughed out loud a few times, 'specially as the two donned Barman and Robin suits and drove around a pseudo Gotham City in a cardboard modified Batmobile. *Movie Movie* works because of its cheapo budget juxtaposed with the bigger production values of the movies it is spoofing. Although, this is not

a side-splitting comedy, and the jokes may crack a smile more than a laugh, *Movie* ditto ditto, like Putch and Pizzuto's other shorts, may be worth your while.

—C.O.

NEW! IMPROVED! REAL LIFE AMERICAN FAIRY TALE

90 Min/16mm

Rhizomatic Films



Imagine a society restricting all manner of sexual activity to pre-designated Sex Spots located in public places so gawking observers can watch. Violators daring to copulate in private are immediately incarcerated by the Gestapo-like Luv Patrol and indoctrinated into the oppressive government mindset. Director Deborah Magosci combines subtle elements of *THX*



The Gotham City duo together again in *MOVIE, MOVIE, MOVIE*.

SCREEN

MAGAZINE #3



Cover art is a painting of the above picture.

This issue features an in-depth look into the films of Alejandro Jodorowsky (*El Topo*, *Santa Sangre*), an article by the king of Sleaze-Johnny Legend, An interview with *Pink Flamingos* co-star Danny (Crackers) Mills, The Hope Organ interview-Watching Satan- a collection of Charles Manson cover tunes. Plus lots of video, book and music reviews await you in the Fall issue of **SCREEN**! There is a limited amount of **SCREEN** #2 available. Articles include: Zachery-ZTV Revisited, An interview with Peter(Bad Taste, Dead Alive) Jackson, Tetsuo 2, The Man Who Laughs, and the usual book, video and music reviews. Send check or money order only. Price is \$3.95 for each issue-plus \$1.50 for postage-(total: \$5.45) to :

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Supermarket surrealism in AMERICAN FAIRY TALE.

commits the crime of "resisting sex" with a member of the goon squad. Instead of being re-programmed, she has a brief relationship with her interrogator but eventually attempts to escape from both her lover and the society he manipulates. For a mini-budgeted independent effort, the film is thoughtfully directed and generally successfully. However, its climax is ultimately dissatisfying. The filmmakers seemed to be

stymied for an ending and ran out of steam just before the credits rolled. One reassuring aspect of the film is that even in a fascist state, the cops, no matter how despicable, are still fond of donuts.

—Vic Stanley

THE BURNING MOON

98 Min/Video

Paranova Films

4



The Burning Moon is the kind of film I would put on the TV if I threw a big party. It's not engrossing, but if people were dancing by and checking it out for a couple of minutes, it would satisfy their

prurient interests much like a lame car crash. It's all in German, with no subtitles, so it's purely a visual feast. With some imagination it can be described as Germany's answer to *Over the Edge*. The main character is a drinking and driving gang member with family troubles. After getting chewed out by his old man, he goes to his room and shoots heroin. He then goes into his sister's room and tells her two gross-out horror stories:

Julia's Love (about an escaped mental patient) and *The Purity* (about a priest gone bad). By far the best scene in *The Burning Moon* is when the priest goes to hell. It's like low-budget *Skinny Puppy* meeting *Hellraiser*. It's at least ten minutes of non-stop gore, culminating with the priest getting ripped in half from the crotch out! The film ends with the brother freaking out and killing his sister and himself, which makes *The Burning Moon* sputter out at the end. Personally, I would have made this part compete with the shots of hell in the gross out category. Or at least something more captivating than a murder suicide. Then again, I wouldn't have made this movie. Cheap, and not all that entertaining, the one thing that impresses me about *The Burning Moon* is how

1138, 1984, *Logan's Run*, *Café Flesh* and *The Stepford Wives* to create a world where non-conformity is strictly discouraged. The tentacles of generic suburban sprawl suffocate the life force of individuality as hapless citizens willingly succumb to the whims of totalitarianism. Shopping malls double as homeless shelters for the emotionally disenfranchised. And, the likes of Robert Tilton, Jack Lord, Jessica Hahn and the American Gladiators become icons of Magosci's version of the new world order. The passive masses are bombarded with less than subliminal catch phrases such as LOVE... FUN... FAITH... SALVATION... DAMNATION...

RIGHT... WRONG... TRUTH and THE FUTURE with the true meaning of each distorted into a manifesto of rigorously structured complacency. Pop culture becomes the facade through which the government gains complete control.

After her father is caught in an act of unauthorized love-making, Mia questions his motives. His only reply is "true love." Risking her own freedom, she sets forth on a frustrating quest to discover just what true love really is. Using a method similar to that used in *When Harry Met Sally*, the film interviews "real" people to get their take on the meaning of love, faith and truth. Mia eventually

humorous it is that suburban angst gore flicks are a global art form

NC

THE IAN KERKHOF COLLECTION VOL. 1

53 Min/Video
Marginal Video



Blasphemy and masturbation collide here in this video art styled collection, asking the question, "What if the *Last Temptation of Christ* were a soft core porn?" Kerkhof's continuous themes do indeed run the fine line of religion and pornography, mixing the proverbial oil and water. *The Soloist*, the opening segment, plunges the unwary viewer head first into Kerkhof's demented world, where Kevin McCarthy's "I am not insane" line from the original *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* repeats over and over, while penetrating genitalia grind away on a wall of monitors. An adaptation of J.G. Ballard's homoerotic novel *Crash* delves into a silently eerie world consisting of out of focus images and bearnik-style free verse. And the self-proclaimed *The Boy Who Masturbated Himself to a Climax* pretty much runs the gamut of Kerkhof's decadent style. A few of the shorts here flow like elaborate slide shows, painting a warped picture of this bizarre world. There's enough shock value here to give Jesse Helms, and half of this country's Bible Thumpers, an exploding coronary. The Netherlands, Kerkhof's presumed residence, is a much more liberal environment than the rest of the world, so it makes sense that this collection would bear such a mailing address. The National Endowment of the

Arts may not favor such video carnage, but that doesn't mean you can't. Not for the timid, or religious

—Vince DiGi

A COWBOY'S GUIDE TO FOREIGN FILMS

15 Min/Video
Svensk Filmindustri



This tape examines the collective works of esteemed international filmmakers Fellini, Bergman, Truffaut, Kurosawa and Godard as interpolated through the eyes of knee slapping, chaw spewing wranglers like the inimitable Red Neckerson, whose enigmatic, *Deliverance*-like presence graces the screen from time to time. Afficionados of bad dubbing such as that found in any Godzilla or kung fu movie will undoubtedly find this video amusing in that respect. An ersatz Werner Passbinder acts as narrator, leading the viewers through a ludicrously unsynchronized travelogue of classic film excerpts translated conveniently into cowboy-speak. True fans of these acclaimed directors will be mortified by the rural ridicule inflicted upon their idol's work. It is quite amusing for a while but after a few minutes the term "one trick pony" seems apropos. Fortunately, before the concept becomes tedious, the filmmakers move on. This portion of the tape ends on an upbeat, albeit unrelated note showing an institutionalized mongoloid baby repeatedly beating its head against a wall. Also included is a short companion piece called *A Cowboy's Guide to Dating*. My favorite bit, however, is the finale entitled *Ghandi's Nightmare* wherein the world's most beloved pacifist is winged by a soon-to-be female (or is it just a transvestite?) assassin. In his rage,

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Ghandi responds by pumping her with more lead than Sonny Corleone ever got.

—V.S.

GARO SETIAN'S DEMO REEL

40 Min/16mm & Video

Setian Productions



In this test reel, prolific young filmmaker, Garo Setian, has produced a mixed bag of film styles including clay animation, a fast paced kung fu take off and a horror/suspense short which all succeed in varying degrees. The two animation films, which have been shown on Showtime cable, employ the most rudimentary of stop motion effects optimally. While imaginative, they are not exactly of the "cutting edge" variety in their subject matter and would be enjoyed

by kids more than by the typically jaded readers of this magazine who demand that their claymation characters participate in sodomy or other acts of deviancy. A trailer for a fictitious film called *Red Meadow II* stars the filmmaker and his friends in a high speed, teenaged martial arts/super hero satire which is pretty amusing. Apparently filmed in high school hallways and empty lots, Setian once again compensates for a micro-budget with sheer exuberance. It somewhat resembles something Troma would have done in their embryonic years. By far, the highlight of the tape is a well-produced, live action film called *The Travellers*. A stranded female motorist encounters a dangerous looking, stressed out hitchhiker. We bemoan her lack of common sense when she attempts to befriend him. Just as her doom is spelled out, a plot

twist reveals that our seemingly hapless heroine is herself a fetching combination of Eileen Warnos and Henrietta Lee Lucas. In her anal retentive ardor, she maintains a select collection of her victim's body parts, the details of which I won't reveal here. Setian has potential as a filmmaker, but is all over the place stylistically. It is time for him to establish himself in the format which best suits his strengths, which in my opinion would be those employed in *The Travellers*.

V.S.

MIDNIGHT 2: SEX, DEATH AND VIDEOTAPE

72 Min/Video

Tempe Video



Director John Russo must have had a mild hit with the first *Midnight*—a tale of a sadistic, cult family—or he

wouldn't have bothered with its sequel. Apparently, he didn't have the money or energy to create a whole new story, so he rehashed scenes from the original. Abraham is the sole survivor from *Midnight I* and a video camera-wielding serial killer. Through flashbacks, he apprises the viewer of his family's past exploits and his own obsession with murder. Using his captivating dorkishness, Abe meets women, charms the pants off 'em, then kills 'em, all the while videotaping his work. Russo tries to justify the cheap video quality by making it the focal point of our "hero's" life. When Abraham's not fucking or killing, he's talking about his family or how he likes to kill, and talking some more. A good chunk of *Midnight 2*, then, is convenient flashbacks from its prequel, milking Russo's original efforts for all it's worth. If you haven't seen either of these low

CREATURES OF THE NIGHT

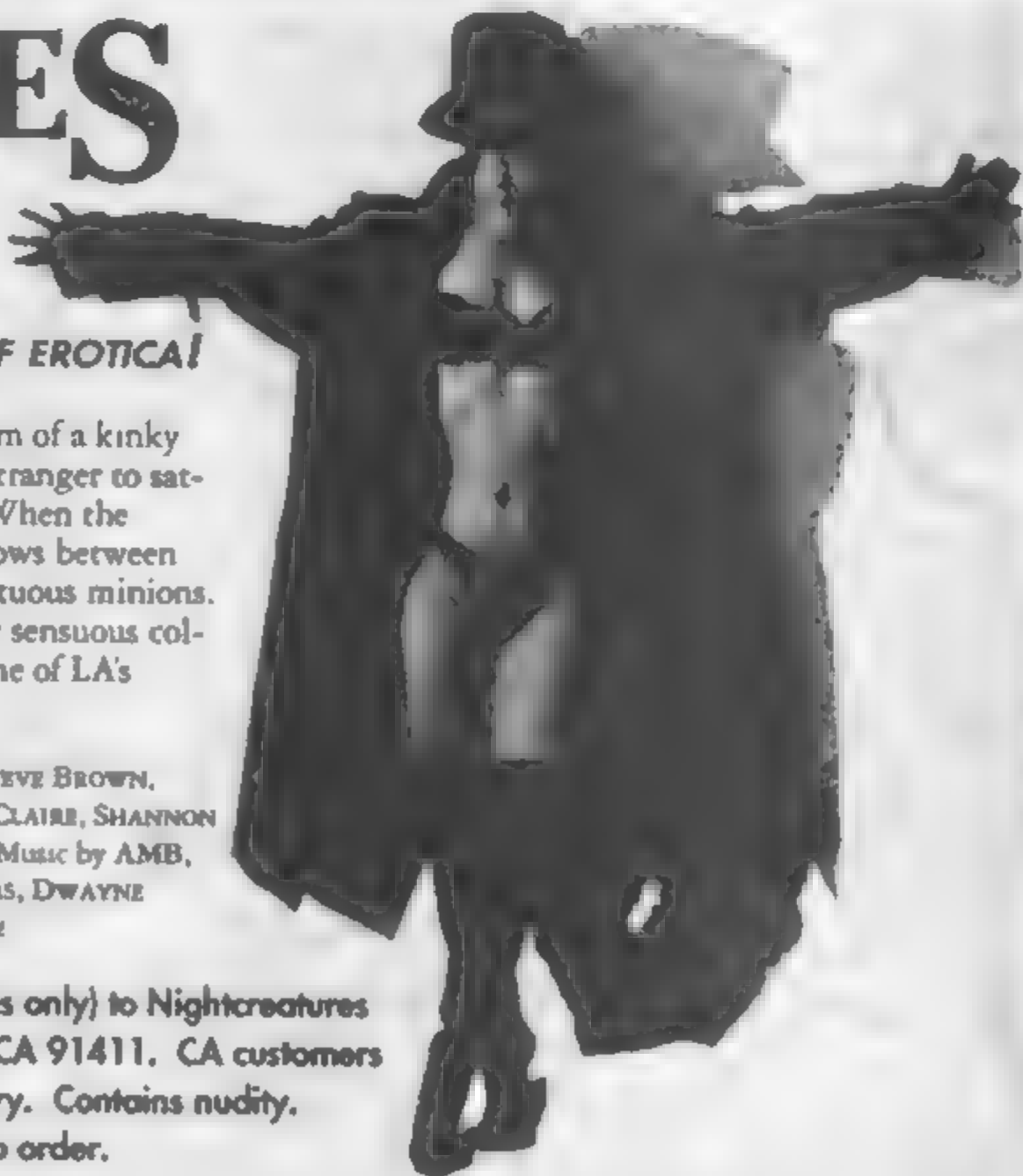
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Cassandra (Desi De Angelo), the stunning Madam of a kinky Nevada brothel, is challenged by a Mysterious Stranger to satisfy his insatiable appetite for the exotically erotic. When the Stranger arrives, a series of seductive encounters follows between the enigmatic guest and several of Cassandra's voluptuous minions.

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budget flicks, *Midnight* is a mildly entertaining thriller, in the vein of *Mother's Day* and any other stalker-in-the-woods slasher pic. But if you've seen the first, you've seen them both, and your money and time are better spent on cheap beer and pretzels.

—V D

YAZ - CINEMA LEGUME

15 Min/Video

Yaz Productions



Cynicism and deadly sarcasm riddle this artsy-fartsy pseudo-documentary. Yaz, a burned out master thespian-like ballet star cum filmmaker, wallows in an artistic nadir until he chances upon Andrew Lloyd Webber in the cultural Mecca of Culver City, California. Upon receiving the revelation that Webber has an affinity for McDonald's fish sandwiches, our chain-smoking Renaissance Man is inspired to launch a new career in avant garde filmmaking—recreating classic films and stage plays, casting vegetables or tropical fish as the lead characters. After two heart attacks and a prison term for plagiarism (Webber chose not to participate in Yaz's *Jesus Christ Superstar* project starring potatoes or something), the future of our emaciated Orson Welles is left open for interpretation. Although there are several moments of inspired satire, the collective works of Yaz are reminiscent of *The Mr. Bill Show* (as conceived by Dieter of *Sprockets* fame). Three consecutive films exploiting "that vegetable chang" verged on overkill. Perhaps next time Yaz can seek out other, more innovative inanimate objects for his stable of ensemble players.

—Vic Stanley

I WAS A TEENAGE SERIAL KILLER

27 Min/Video

Station Wagon Productions



What if the tables were turned and men became the victims in feminist slasher movies? At the beginning of *I Was a Teenage Serial Killer*, a 19-year-old *femme fatale* with too-teased hair and dark Jackie O sunglasses slowly applies her lipstick after having apparently killed a young man in boxers and boots at a highway rest stop. Next, our lovely but enraged killer listens to her beer-drinking redneck brother tell her she needs to find a good man. Before, that is, he croaks from rat poison she put in his beer. True love blossoms when she happens upon another killer. He tells her he only kills straight white males and their life together takes off. Best scene in the video: After trying up a guy and chopping off his penis, the couple kiss as romantic music plays in the background. The story is great. Some of the scenes are really funny. The F/X, however, stink. The sound is lousy. And while admittedly this film was cheaply made, it could have been made better. The story is good enough to have been shot simply, without the art school pretensions that don't work anyway. Watch out for 21-year-old writer/director Sarah Jacobson. When someone gives her money, she's gonna be dangerous.

—Joe Shaw

THE DREADED EXPERIMENTAL COMEDIES BY JOHN TOPPING

45 Min/Video

Fun Events Production Company



The Dreaded Experimental Comedies By



THE BLIND LEAD

84min/Super 8

In Your Face Films



A raw and powerful film from Chicago-based filmmaker John Covert, *The Blind Lead* just may be one of the best "little" films of the year. In a gritty, real documentary style, we follow Johnny Boy, a struggling playwright, as he descends into insanity. The choice to shoot Super 8 was a conscious and stylistic one. The mobility and ease of shooting on the run let Covert "keep things as natural as possible," and the



Harriman is Johnny Boy.

results couldn't be more natural. This mood owes as much to Covert's smooth hand as it does to its script and performers. Based on the short story "Snow Blind," written by John Harriman (who also plays Johnny Boy) and Covert, but after each player puts his or her own spin on their respective characters, it almost seems as if they were given a basic premise and told to run with it—the script is that seamless. The cast itself was culled entirely from Chicago-area talent. Harriman is a founding member of the Mainline Theatre Company, Jennifer Shattuck, who plays Johnny's sort-of girlfriend, Anita, is currently starring as Nurse Ratched in "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest" in Chicago. These are true actors, working long hours for no pay, still delivering no less than skilled, professional performances. *The Blind Lead* cost only about \$9,000 to make. Once it is more widely seen, inevitable comparisons to Robert Rodriguez's *El Mariachi* will be made, as the film was made on a similar shoe-string budget and it, too, is powerful and memorable. Covert is currently planning *Waiting For The Man*, a hyper-violent "anti-buddy" film about betrayal and bloodletting—sort of a *Bad Lieutenant/Reservoir Dogs* meets *The Odd Couple*—which will probably feature much of the cast from *The Blind Lead*. The exceptional quality and the thrill of discovery made this film a pleasure to watch and here's hoping that Covert and company are recognized as the professional talents they are.



—Spincy Norman

Suicide initiations in THE BLIND LEAD.

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John Topping are not munchy or gory, as one might expect. This video is a compilation of experimental shorts, some of which work wonderfully and others that dreadfully don't. Topping has natural instincts as a comedian and writer. Some of these skits wouldn't be out of place on *Kids In The Hall*. Even the segments that don't work are professionally done. The two funniest segments—*My New Lover* and *How-To Lessons*—are hilarious. "Lover" has Topping sewing together a man out of his clothing. The relationship between Topping and the doll grows, but eventually fails. It's great when the doll grabs Topping and stuffs its rubber dick in his mouth. *How-To* involves one guy trying to teach another man how to physically and mentally abuse him. It frequently goes awry because the other guy is natu-

rally gentle and loving—not abusive. Another segment, *Smacks*, shows two men sitting across from one another exchanging slaps. What starts out playful becomes tense as the blows get harder. Topping is able to make the viewer feel tense. Other notable segments are *My Friend Gill*—goofy shots of a guy named Gil—and *Shaft de Deux* in which a married couple emotes Isaac Hayes' lines in the '70s hit *Shaft*. Topping is a talented guy, but this video will bore many.

—J.S.

THE ROAD TO GOD KNOWS WHERE STARRING NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS

113 Min/16mm

Analogic Video/Mute Film

10   



For anyone who has been on the road, wanted to be, or just wants a real look at what it's like, this is a must video. Not to mention that Nick Cave and this particular configuration of the Bad Seeds are probably the coolest group of musicians still involved with rock 'n' roll. The documentary was shot during their 1989 tour and rather than glorifying the road life, it instead offers a very true depiction of all the crap that has to be dealt with—idiot club owners, crewmembers who didn't work out, hotel life, a peek backstage before the encores, and the necessary antics to maintain sanity. What is particularly impressive about this, and I think Nick Cave in general, is his abhorrence of everything the music business entails, apart from the creative process. Some of the segments showing phone interviews to radio stations and live questionings really spotlight Cave's natural wit and knack for timing. A prime example of this point happens about three quarters of the way through. Cave is sitting in his Los Angeles hotel room—smoking—when he gets a knock on the door. A few people have come to do an interview and photo shoot. As the shoot begins, Cave stands there with a rather disgusted look on his face and the photographer proceeds to comment on how well he photographs. Then he says, "Your look is great. Do you like the way you look?" Cave's response is deadpan and quick, "Yeah, I'm quite happy with it." This is the kind of foolishness that happens throughout the film and, for that matter, throughout road life. The quality of this feature reaches beyond the content. The cam-

era work and choice of subject matter are superbly chosen. The musty black and white gives it an almost German-Expressionistic feel. How many more good things can I say? Buy it. Watch it. Appreciate it. I certainly did.

—Jeffrey L. Zimmitti

WE WHO ARE NOT OTHERS

35 Min/16mm

David Koppers

1   

This film should be called "We Who Are Not Filmmakers." *Others* reeks of NYU film school and all the pretensions that go along with it. The last thing anyone needs is a pseudo-artsy look at the homeless. If Koppers keeps up this kind of work, he will learn first hand what life on the streets is really like. It is obvious from the film's tone that Koppers lacked a strong father figure, evidenced by the main character as he seeks out this paternal figure through ridiculous encounters with the homeless. One might think a film about Daniel Rackowitz would be exciting or, at the very least, entertaining. Not with Koppers running the show. This film has as much energy as AIDS Patient Zero in his final days. One can only wonder if Kopper's labyrinth of stupidity is just a metaphor for a man trapped within the banal chambers of the film industry. This man is Koppers, this trap is forever and this film sucks. *Others* eats at you like a cancer and makes you wonder why NYU doesn't have a stricter admissions policy.

—Andrew Garland

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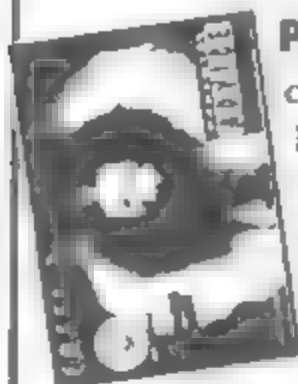
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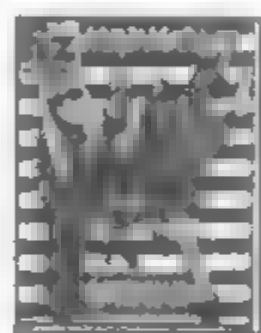
Magazine reviews by Courtney E. Winfree



PARENTAL ADVICE

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Twenty four pages from the United Kingdom cover music (Sheep on Drugs and the ever ubiquitous Rage Against the Machine), books and videos with an emphasis on magick. Non-entertainment related articles include an intelligent philosophical essay entitled "Satan Loves U," and a pre-election exposition on the true nature of Bill Clinton—closet freak, geek or identikit president. By the way, Timmy C., Rage Against the Machine bassist, believes our beloved president to be a freak. Criticism: Overused quotation marks (" ") bring to mind speakers who physically punctuate words by bending curved fingers. Not just another entertainment mag clone.



FIZ

P.O. Box 67E10
Los Angeles, CA 90067

Fiz rocks. Really. No pompous, dump-on-everyone-but-our-friends attitude. Certainly, they don't neglect their friends, but not at anyone else's expense. The limited color, 114 page mag combines comics, entertainment, poetry and columnists into an intoxicating and readable editorial brew. Except for the tired question/answer format, *Fiz*'s interviews offer a fresh means of interrogating quasi-celebrities. Like Howard Stern sending Stuttering John into celebrity battle, *Fiz* sicks 9-year-old Vivien on Lubricated Goat. Tough questions like, "What is your favorite T-shirt?" follow "What was your favorite toy as a kid?" In response to Vivien's question about MTV appearances, Stuart, Martin and Lachlan confess they'd played naked on Australian TV. Unimpressed, Vivien continues, "Have you ever seen a kangaroo?" Apparently, puberty has yet to strike. Standard fare in each issue includes two pages on booze and advice from the celibate chain-smoking freak (far superior to any Ann Landers column).

STOOL

625 East 4th St. #261
Long Beach, CA 90802



A free, forty-eight page stapled local zine featuring art, food, and music with a little philosophy thrown in for variation, *Stool* is firm with information. Interviews with 16 and (FTVG favorite) Eyehategod lack imagination, offering only the typical "who plays what for how long and who

influenced you" questions. Better reading is the review of popular junk food with nods of glory going to frozen Super Pretzels. (Couldn't agree with you more.) Cartoon painter/artist The Pizzaments fame in a readable interview: "I hope I never really get popular enough to be 'hip' because there's a better chance of becoming a has been, you know?"



SHOCKING IMAGES

P.O. Box 7853
Citrus Heights, CA 95621

The play-by-play on *Pink Flamingos* brought back sordid memories. Even though publisher/editor Mark Jason Murray writes without citation, he provides insight into the creation of the film and its premiere at the University of Baltimore in 1972.

Amateurish cut and paste layout does not take away from readability of gore film reviews and an in-depth article about everyone's favorite serial killer, Ed Gein. For a home-made photocopied zine, the pictures are clear and graphic enough to entertain the illiterate. Although the writing is sketchy, *Shocking Images* does stimulate curiosity about the films it describes.



THORA-ZINE

P.O. Box 571562
Houston, TX 77257-1562

Touting itself as the Underground Media Monitor, *Thora-zine* won't get your dander up but will provide a few quality minutes of bathroom reading.

Everything—except the dreadful poetry—is worth a look. The good news is the excellent cross section of interviews. *Thora-zine* earns points for gaining access to confrontationist Lydia Lunch and bands Big Drill Car and Chainsaw Kittens. But, why do they insist on the Q. and A. format? A. Because they're lazy. They suckered me into thinking they interviewed former Geto Boy Willie D, but *Thora-zine* just reprinted an anti-Rodney King tirade from his *Gain On! Laka Soldier* CD. Good reading, though. Weird News Clippings are always a favorite and plenty of reviews and editorial-type essays.



BLUE BLOOD

3 Calabar Court
Gaithersburg, MD 20877

Blue Blood targets Gothically inclined lesbians. Actually, six pages serve the general non-mainstream with updates on fashion, entertainment, science and technology—all with a subversive or sexual twist. Black and white photos depicting hetero and lesbian couples in sterile poses feel forced. We've walked into an (un)dress rehearsal and you can just hear the photographer directing, "Okay, now put your tongue on her..." A few pieces of fucking fiction (worth reading but not high on the masturbatory scale) round out this R-rated effort. Editor Amelia et al could afford to get funkier. Softcore is so pointless. **UVA**

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THE DEADLY GAME OF IMITATING ART

First-time feature filmmakers explore the world of the artistically insane in HENRY DIES IN THE END.

By Courtney E. Winfree

YES, HENRY DOES DIE IN THE END, BUT the question remains whether or not he's in the pie—that being the humongous meaty pastry consumed at the end of the film. *Henry Dies in the End* is a dramedy about a psychotic husband and wife team who've cast themselves as the leads in an ongoing "life as theatre" production. Together, they recruit reluctant bit players to participate in their narcissistic improvs, each word diligently noted by Edgar the playwrighting husband. During one skit, an enormous weight accidentally crushes the actress, forcing the duo to look for their next victim: Henry.

Henry's fatal mistake was not stumbling into Edgar and Sylvia's mindfuck theatre. It was playing their game better than they did, and wanting to win that killed him.

Initially reluctant to play with the pair, Henry eventually adapts to the sado-masochistic environment, seemingly coming to enjoy his association with them. After rehearsing scenes with the couple, Henry turns the tables. He out-psychoes the pair, making them suspicious of the other's motives. As Sylvia grows more attached to Henry, Edgar recognizes the danger of having Henry around and creates a complicated, Rube Goldbergesque trap to kill him. Henry comments on the blueprints of the deadly machine before placing himself between the scope and its target—his possibly suicidal end coming via an arrow through the head.

The original script, written in six days by John Shaw, ended with Henry getting the girl. So, chances are, had Shaw and director Greg Eliason stuck with their first idea, the title of their movie would have been different.

The idea behind *Henry*, a first feature by these two UC Santa Barbara students, works with either ending. Two kooky characters, Edgar and Sylvia, are absorbed with their art to the point of being sociopathic. Henry, a relatively normal catalyst character, enters their world, upsetting their precarious but very controlled balance. This concept is a twist on the traditional formula of a goofy catalyst entering a more normal world and shaking it up.

To Edgar and Sylvia, life is just a game, reality a word they've only heard about. They live in a theatre, eat dinner on stage, and costume change their way through the day. Art consumes them. Even their dialogue is either fodder for a play or a run-through of a completed page. Games like Scrabble, Mousetrap and Hide & Seek occupy their attention.

They also toy with unwary humans, ending lives as if people were game pieces. After killing the would-be actress, Edgar and Sylvia go on about their business of mediocre art, unremorseful. "They didn't realize they were evil," says Shaw. "Edgar is sort of appealing—not a clear cut hero or villain." Henry's personality is

much less disturbing and more easily definable. Eliason sees him as passive/aggressive, contributing to his own death in order to destroy Edgar and Sylvia's relationship as they had destroyed the lives of others.

Skewed camera angles and philosophical vignettes dropped in placard-style between scenes pull the film along. Without a lot of physical action, dialogue accounts for most of *Henry's* 100 minutes.

Much of the banter could be cut without losing continuity. If given the opportunity to re-make *Henry*, Shaw would cut out Henry and Sylvia's musical number he admits adding just because of his fondness for musicals. Eliason

would cut out much of the drama. Obviously, *Henry* has been a dinner table topic for roommates Shaw and Eliason who agree the movie is excessive in its length and attitude.

For a first feature, the story is complex. And the play-within-a-play wears the viewer down. Even though one anticipates the ending, fast forwarding through interminable dialogue to find out how Henry dies is an attractive prospect.

Neither Eliason nor Shaw has sat through the entire movie more than a handful of times. At his first viewing—a press screening—Eliason hated the feature he created. Apparently, 80% of the audience at the Colorado Breckinridge Festival felt the same because they walked out only part way through.

"Fortunately, I was there with this woman I was crazy about at the time," Eliason says, explaining how he dealt with the disheartening audience reaction.

"*Henry* now drives me kind of crazy. It's a little world that doesn't want to let you in. I think that's rude," Eliason says. As film students, he and Shaw liked pretentious, insular films and that preference affected the making of *Henry*. But now, Eliason wants to make a film that can be watched without a film school education. An idea for the next project would be to examine his penchant for women who embarrass him in public—"like if she laughs really loud." For now, he's working on Peter McCarthy's (*Sid & Nancy*, *Repo Man*) new project, *Floundering*. **ITK**



Eliason contemplates jumping.

Learn Edgar & Sylvia lounge menacingly in *Henry*.

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The original neo-classic in an absolute 10 on
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a gruesome Nazi torture scene that's
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OUT

OF

THE

GET A TASTE OF
DIRECTOR
LEIF JONKER'S
VAMPIRE EPIC
FROM...

DARKNESS

by Tom Brown

What would drive filmmaker Leif Jonker, an outwardly normal horror aficionado, to sell his own plasma in exchange for film stock? What do we care! The result of his suffering is DARKNESS, a three-year-in-the-making vampire epic guaranteed to satisfy any audience's blood lust.

IF YOU LISTEN hard enough to conversations among serious celluloid shocker aficionados you might believe that the hor-

ror film—as we know it—is dead. An ominous remark not without merit, the people making this oppressive statement aren't your teeny-bopper MTV addicts jabbering about the clever antics of Freddy Krueger—but



King vampire Liven (Randall Aviks) rips an innocent's throat (Jodie Way).

folks who grew up during a time when horror movies *themselves* had merit. Film buffs pretty much agree the demise of the genre is due to the countless rip-off video releases that for some time had mom 'n pop store

are running amok is the latest (and best) evidence of this truism.

While Wichita, Kansas is about the last place on earth one would believe it could come from, Jonker is about to unleash on an unsuspecting

owners fooled into thinking they were real movies, instead of the piss-poor, low budget crap they really were. Slowly, the truth dawned on them—decimating the market for the hardcore horror that flourished during the early 80s video boom.

However, as of late, this revelation on the part of Mr. & Mrs. Video Store Owner has become counter-productive; good stuff released directly to video is being ignored. And the fact that dangerously aggressive people like filmmaker Leif Jonker



world the last word in low-budget splatter and the best thing to happen to Super 8 filmmaking since J.R. Bookwalter's *The Dead Next Door*. A completely demented, outrageously blood-drenched vampire tale called *Darkness*—which could best be described as Richard Matheson's original story *I Am Legend* as directed by...well, let's say Jonker's style combines Hooper with Romero, but the story is pure John Carpenter with a dash of Peter Jackson's insanity

so-called horror flicks. *Darkness* takes itself very seriously, and the material is dark indeed, setting up a quietly brooding and menacing atmosphere of gory dread.

DARK BEGINNINGS

After fooling around with a Super 8 camera as a kid, Jonker decided to get serious. "I was transplanted to Wichita from Sacramento around 1986 and found myself in dire need of film making peers to hang around

"Since I happen to be a really serious horror /gore/action fan, I made **DARKNESS** for all of the other die-hard splatter fans."

—DIRECTOR LEIF JONKER

thrown in for good measure.

What impressed me most about this film is Jonker's refusal to entertain with the silliness and slapstick so prevalent in most of today's

with and hopefully get a project going. Foolishly, I decided there had to be some local college students sharing my delusion of grandeur that I could sucker into helping me out. So I enrolled in a couple film-related classes figuring it would be a good way to network as well as learn how to do a film on a "professional" level. I was "studying" alongside people that actually thought they would someday be discovered by Spielberg or some other film icon. The rest of the students were 'turned off' by the amount of time and work that goes into any film production. It was all pretty depressing. I won't even go into my encounters with the 'art-fuck' wannabes. After discovering the very same situation in some colleges upstate, I said 'Fuck it! I'll teach myself.'"

The School of Life has graduated plenty of successful filmmakers, but



Above: A chain-saw-wielding maniac (Brian Cardwell) nearly rips into Tobe (Gary Miller) to protect his vampiric masters. The result is director Jonker's cherished "chainsaw penetration" shot and plenty of gore. **Left:** In *Darkness*' opening sequence, the first victim (Jake Euker) takes on a cop (Veronica Dennen)—this bloodbath is only beginning.

all had one thing in common: A direction. George Romero took his documentary skills derived from making industrial films and adapted them to make "realistic" horror films devoid of the supernatural. John Waters documented the white trash culture he loved so much. Roger Corman wanted to make money. Jonker had his own reasons to make *Darkness*.

"First and foremost I set out to make the type of film I want to see," he says. "Since I happen to be a really serious horror/gore/action fan, I made *Darkness* for all of the other die hard splatter fans that have been so neglected these past several years. Not since *Day of the Dead* and *ReAnimator* have we had a balls-to-the-wall horror epic. *Bad Taste* was fairly kicking but it was a comedy. *Demons* was fairly wicked but not completely up to snuff. Hell, even *Day of the Dead* was somewhat disappointing compared to what I had hoped for. Personally I think we would have been given the greatest horror epic ever made if someone hadn't cut the balls off the budget. So, in short, I made *Darkness* for the discriminating die-hard horror fan. If anybody else enjoys it, then I guess that's a bonus.

"Through the years since I wrote the original screenplay, I have seen many sensitive, sexually-intense vampire flicks come about and with Coppola's ridiculously conceived flick, we have seen the apex of pussy, chickenshit, crybaby vampires with Gary Oldman sitting in a room convulsing with wracking, screaming bouts of tears. Despite being called *Bram Stoker's Dracula* it didn't come near to what was laid out in the book. Dracula was an evil, brooding villain with schemes to dominate London and possibly the world—not some sensitive puss, heartbroken over his long lost love. Once again I said 'fuck it.' A vampire's existence would have to be one of the most cold, callous existences ever and the vampire who



The chase leading to *Darkness*' brain-popping conclusion.

would take the steps needed to survive for a long period of time would have to be one mean sonofabitch."

And so would Jonker, if he wanted to get *Darkness* made. Like most indie filmmakers, he was equally daunted by his inability to find money—not that it didn't exist (even in Wichita), but most people who had it weren't likely to give any to an unproven entrepreneur.

"Actually, I originally hoped to raise about \$15,000 to pull it off in 16mm," says Jonker. "I tried in vain to get a few local money-men to take interest and invest in the project, but they were rather unimpressed with an 18-year-old without a product reel. After listening to a chorus of 'You'll never pull off a real film anyway,' I decided to show them and make it for what I could handle—thus the budgetary decision to shoot Super-8."

SWEAT, TEARS AND SELLING THEIR OWN BLOOD

With that decision came the need to scrounge up any money possible by *any* means possible. Odd jobs, minor theft and a few moments of outright fraud were combined with a few appropriately desperate measures to get *Darkness* into production. Confesses Jonker, "The majority of the cash was my own savings, combined with some college savings my mom had set aside

for me. At the start of production I had \$2000 or \$1200—most of which went to buying the camera. The balance went to film stock. After that initial lump sum of cash, the rest of the production was put together piece by piece. At one point my partner Gary Miller and I were selling our own blood on a consistent basis just to pay the bills piling up. As we got some footage into the can, it became a little easier to wheedle money out of friends and family.

However, the little bit of money we scraped together here and there didn't come close to covering actual expenses. I found myself scrubbing pots and pans in a restaurant in order to make the final payment on my lighting kit. There are tons of additional stories I could tell on how this thing was pulled off financially."

SHOOT AND RUN

But having this amount of cash on hand was not enough to buy *Darkness* out of the many problems inherent in a feature—especially one shooting entirely on location and at



A grisly vampire victim (Michael Martin).

night. Jonker's first problem would be getting enough light for shooting. "I purchased a 2500 watt generator for about 300 bucks," he says. "That, with a shit load of extension cords, would hopefully give us the resources to shoot at night. But the generator was louder than a lawn-mower and we would be shooting in neighborhoods and the city in the middle of the night. So we found ourselves sneaking up to these businesses and—after discreetly winding up our cords through bushes and grass—'borrowing' power from outlets on the side of buildings. At one point we needed to do a dolly shot

down a city street with a crowd of vampires chasing our two heroes. We plugged into one of these buildings and ran the cords out to the street. We ran another extension cord down the street placing it up against the curb and then ran it back to where we were starting. We waited for the traffic to clear and then we grabbed the shot. I'm sitting in the trunk of my Chevy Impala with two 500 watt lamps on either side of me and I scream action, Gary starts driving away from the curb and down the street, approximately 20 vampire extras flood out into the middle of the street and chase after us as we drive down through this small business district dragging several hundred feet of extension cord. Fifteen seconds later the streets are clear, the lights are off, everything is quiet and we've got another shot in the can, but for those 15 seconds it must have looked fairly strange. By shooting 'on the fly' we saved a lot of money by not having to pay for permits and off-duty cops."

But like flies on shit, the cops did arrive—after calls from Wichita residents alerted them to "Satanists running around town committing sacrifices."

"I don't know how many times our

Director Jonker adjusts an exploding head effect for *DARKNESS'* massive melt-down finale.



production was suddenly invaded by the police," complains Jonker. "At one point we were shooting in a field out in the country. There was this shot with the upper half of a melted vampire perched on a tripod on top of a Honda Civic ready to cinematically have its head blown off. Out of fucking nowhere these squad cars suddenly appeared and cops jump out with guns poised. This happened so often we began expecting them to show up during every shoot. The night-shift cops eventually knew all of us by name. A lot of times they would show up after getting some hysterical phone call and actually be relieved when they saw that it was us. The night we shot Chris Michael's death scene in the carwash was particularly interesting though. We had been going at it for a couple of hours when everybody started screaming 'COPS!! LEIF, THERE'S COPS COMING!!' I walked out of the carwash stall just in time to see six squad cars screeching to a stop and all of these cops getting out with their guns drawn! These guys were ready to shoot! I put on a big smile and raised my hands up about halfway and started to slowly walk towards them saying 'It's us! It's just us!' They would put their guns

away and start yelling 'Holy Shit! It's you guys again? What the fuck are you doing NOW?'

"Apparently someone had reported that a gang of people were killing some poor guy. I explained what we were filming, that we had permission to be there—which we didn't—and asked if they wanted to come take a look at what was going on. They had calmed down a little and said, 'Yeah, sure. Okay,' and walked over to the stall with me. Laying on the floor is Chris with his throat torn out and about half a dozen vampires covered in stage blood surrounding him. Everybody's nervous anyway because these are cops,

but these guys start laughing and giggling and talking about how this looks like some of the accident scenes they've been to. Then they start debating about what most recent fatal accident victim Chris looks most like. We're all kind of like 'Heh, heh, that's really interesting. Heh, heh. You know this is fake! Heh, heh.' I think the final consensus was that Chris most resembled the guy who had driven his motorcycle under the trailer of a semi-truck the week before. A bizarre experience to say the least, but at least they didn't blow us away and we did find out that Gary's make-up was fairly anatomically correct."

Scamming locations was another matter altogether. As every no-money filmmaker knows, convincing a property owner to allow them to simply shoot a scene, let alone blow up vampires and spray blood everywhere, is a major dilemma.

"In order to get the convenience store at the beginning of the flick," explains Leif, "I called every single independently owned store in town and explained what we were trying to do. If their store was open 24 hours we didn't have a chance in hell, but we did find half a dozen that closed for a few hours each night.



"Anybody who has witnessed a real-life bleeding can testify that a little blood goes a long way, in particular if an artery is involved."

—LEIF JONKER, DEFENDING DARKNESS'

HIGH BLOOD CONTENT

you what. You bring me a twelve-pack of Michelob Dry next time you come out, and you can have it for another night."

"I couldn't fucking believe it, I was so relieved I had to force myself to keep from freaking out. I think I said something like, 'That sounds very reasonable.' That was one of the few times God seemed to be smiling on us during the production."

CUTS ON A BUDGET

Like anyone making a horror film, Jonker had to decide how much blood he was going to spill and why. He had to set a tone for *Darkness*—to be tasteful and suggestive, or over the top and willing to push the envelope for all it was worth. Needless to say, Jonker took the latter. "The entire

concept of vampirism is ultra-gruesome," Leif exclaims. "And I wanted to de-romanticize the myths and show just what might really be involved in this life cycle—in particular the feeding process. In the majority of the flicks I've seen, the feeding has been reduced to a semi-sexual encounter that was messy to the extent of some trickles of blood running down somebody's back. Anybody who has witnessed a real life *bleeding* can testify that a little blood goes a long way, in particular if an artery is involved."

Of course Jonker looked to his favorite films for guidance: *Dawn of the Dead*, et al. But it was actually Sam Raimi's *Evil Dead* that would finally show him the way. Of course not in the manner Raimi would necessarily like.

"There was this *Evil Dead* poster with Bruce Campbell splattered in gore from head to toe, holding this chainsaw over his head," explains Leif. "So I thought we were going to see some real motorized mayhem here—I was revved for this chainsaw apocalypse. To say the least, I was disappointed by that aspect of the film. I mean, the flick is a kickin' movie, and a major influence on me, and there was a chainsaw in the movie and it was turned on, but it was never used. As warped as this may sound, I thought that the poster and that scene in *Evil Dead* were total cock teases. So I decided that when I did my first flick, I was going to have at least one chainsaw penetration shot."

And that *Darkness* has. Star Gary Miller would also double as the effects master on the film—

Unfortunately they either wanted us to have some giant insurance policy, which we didn't, or they objected to the subject matter. We are in the Bible belt after all. Finally we looked out of town and found this store in Augusta, Kansas that had a young guy managing it who thought it would be cool to have a monster flick shot in his place. We paid the guy like 50 or 70 bucks for the store and wrote him a hot check for \$500 to hold as damage insurance on the store. We had from 11pm to 6am to shoot; but, we were throwing so much blood around, we had to break down around 4:30 to begin cleaning up. It was one of the first scenes we shot and we only got half of it in the can on that first night. I'd told this manager we would be done in one night, so here I started panicking. At this point I didn't have another 70 bucks to give him and we had just made a sticky, stinking bloodbath of his store. So, as far as I knew, he may not want us to come back at all. Anyways, I walked over to him, sitting on his truck, drinking beer and watching us film, and said, 'Well, Larry, we didn't quite get the scene done. We're going to need another night, but our budget's stretching pretty thin as it is. Do you think there's something we could work out?'

"He sat there for a few moments staring at me and then finally said, 'Well, Leif, I'll tell



Top: Costar/FX guy Miller begins the vampirification of Steve Brown. Above: The final effect.

constructing all the gruesome, gloppy gore not from expensive professional supplies but from cheap household materials. Unfortunately, this is one area Jonker isn't willing to talk much about. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to take the magician's cop-out of not ruining the illusion," he says.

"Everybody watching *Darkness* will easily recognize the methodology of the effects, but not the actual materials. We did incorporate a few standard techniques, such as plaster molds for latex appliances, but the majority of the more complex effects required far more elaborate materials and mechanisms than we could afford—so Gary and I had to unlearn many of the things in order to accomplish much of what we did. But the end result speaks for itself. Aside from liquid latex and some plastic hosing, all of the effects were made from stuff you can just find around the house and not one singular effect cost more than \$30. Gary really showed his true colors on this flick and I hope on the next flick we'll have enough of a budget to really let him fly."

Of course more than one audience member has walked out on *Darkness* thanks to Miller's handiwork—prompting complaints that the film is too far over the top in the gore department. Jonker, of course, has his own answer for these detractors.

"We've had quite a few comments about the films high gore quotient being repulsive or 'too much' by people who love to blame society's problems on horror flicks. Easy fucking out if you ask me. *Darkness* has a level of gore and mayhem that reaches comic book levels and can't be taken as some realistic depiction of day-to-day violence. I genuinely believe that horror flicks provide a form of cathartic release of emotional stress essential to surviving in this world today. To all of the smug lazy-assed nay sayers who would like to discredit that as 'an old argument' I've got just two words—**FUCK YOU.**"

"During post-production, I had an



The Car Wash Blood Feast: Timo Gilbert, Ross Boehringer, Jennifer Zaudke and Thom Curless munch on a hapless Chris Michael.

accident causing a huge piece of window pane to slice directly into my wrist, cutting several ligaments and arteries. Standing in the emergency room of the hospital, I had to let go of my wound for a second so they could see what had happened and my blood shot across the room and splattered onto a wall over ten feet away. This is the reality of having an artery

"So I decided that when I did my first flick I was going to have at least one chainsaw penetration shot."

—LEIF JONKER ON TONE

opened—and I knew that I hadn't gone overboard on *Darkness*. A lot of people feel that the frenzied blood bath and feeding scenes are simply inspired by Romero's zombie flicks—and they are partially right—but I was genuinely motivated to redefine vampirism and the vampire genre and this came out of that goal. A lot of 'classic vampire' fans have cried foul, but fuck 'em if they can't accept a little change. Bottom line, I made *Darkness* for folks like myself. People who love die-hard gruesome horror. The version that will eventually be released will be the version that I want, otherwise I'll wait."

A STAKE IN THE HEART

Back in the early 1980s, with the video market—and the horror genre in particular—booming, *Darkness* would have been a hot property, but with the growing reversal toward "family" entertainment, a hardcore shocker is difficult to get out to its intended audience.

"Aside from losers who can't accept a vampire flick without a cape, fangs, and a lovely leading lady to entice our woebegotten anti-villain, we've had a few distributors ask why we didn't have any sex in the flick. Sex is selling right now and I don't have any in my flick and wouldn't put any in my flick. Fuck 'em. If I'm going to start whoring myself on my micro-budget flicks—paid for by my own money—to fit somebody else's recipe of success, then I might as well throw in the towel right now. I didn't see any place for sex or comedy in *Darkness* and a lot of people think I've short-changed the flick. Bottom line, I didn't make the flick for those people and that's fine."

Words to live by. Let's hope Jonker sticks by them. He sounds like Romero during the rating phase of *Dawn of the Dead*. George said "Fuck you" to the MPAA's archaic rating system and released his film without a rating. Sixty million dollars later... **TM**



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KEVIN "GG" ALLIN

1956-1993

To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the
heavens:

A time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck
up that which is planted:

A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to
build up:

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance:

A time to cast away stones, and a
time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and time to refrain
from embracing

A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast
away:

A time to rend and a time to sew;
and a time to keep silence, and a
time to speak:

A time to love, and a time to hate;
a time of war, and a time of peace.

Eccl. 3: 1-8



FILM THREAT VIDEO GUIDE VIDEO STORE SURVEY

Help us compile a list of the best weirdo movie outlets around the world! Obviously a guide like this will be a valuable addition to any movie-junkie's arsenal, so cast your vote for your favorite vid spot! To get in on FTVG's Video Store Survey, plug your preferred store before December 25th, 1993. Send to FTVG Survey, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170 or (for those of you living in the 90s) fax it to us at (818) 848-5956. Please print! (Your handwriting sucks!)

BASIC STORE INFO:

Store Name _____
Address _____

Phone _____ Fax _____

Membership Fee \$ _____ (Lifetime? Year? Month?)

Rental \$ _____ per _____ day(s)

Overdue Penalty \$ _____

Do they rent by mail? \$ _____ per week/day

☐ They have a catalog! ☐ IT'S FREE! ☐ Costs \$ _____

☐ I have no clue

THEY CARRY: ☐ Porno ☐ Bontlegs ☐ Ultra Gore ☐

Independents ☐ Snuff/Real Death ☐ Euro Trash

Blaxploitation ☐ Obscure Music Videos ☐ Foreign ☐

Satanic/Magick ☐ Drug Movies ☐ S&M ☐ Art ☐ Asian

☐ Animation ☐ Others: _____

FORMATS: ☐ Laserdiscs ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

BONUS JUNK: ☐ They give away cool promo stuff.

☐ They have "In-Store" promotions with guest stars, etc.

Example _____

☐ I wouldn't know about promos and in-stores because I'm afraid to leave my house.

THEY HAVE VIDEOS BY: ☐ R.D. Steckler ☐ R. Meyer

☐ H.G. Lewis ☐ J. Woo ☐ D. Argento ☐ J. Chan

☐ Others _____

Videos they carry that I will not watch include: _____

Three titles I've seen ONLY at this store: _____

The one video they have that I want to steal: _____

They carry magazines and books like _____

INFO ABOUT ME:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip/Code _____ Country _____

Age _____ Weight _____ Approx. Income _____

☐ Male ☐ Female ☐ Too ugly to know for sure

Number of movies I watch in a month _____

Percent at the theater _____ At home _____

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THE DEVIL



Nanny (Terek Puckett) and Ricky (Jim Van Bebber) are just your typical suburban devil-worshipping, murderous youths in *My Sweet Satan*.

MAKES HIM DO IT

*An informal
ramblerant with
writer/lactor/director
JIM VAN BEBBER
about drugs, death
and deviancy
(amongst other things).*

by Graham Rae

When I do my job I do it well
If you want blood just ring my bell
Don't talk to me man I got a gun
And I don't quit until I'm done...

The Vindictives
"Ugly American"

JIM VAN BEBBER. SOME of you may be familiar with the 16mm work of this 28-year-old native of Dayton, Ohio. Many others will not, and it is to these slothful unfortunates that I issue this call: "WAKE FUCKING UP!" For the last half decade this celluloid maniac has been gracing us with his own personal

brand of hard-edged, no-punches-pulled visceral filmmaking, and it's about time he got more recognition for it. Be the subject gang warfare (the feature-length debut from Van Bebber, *Deadbeat At Dawn*), serial killing (the fifteen-minute short, *Roadkill: The Last Days of John Martin*) or drugged teens tipping over the edge of sanity into murder (the twenty-two-minute short *My Sweet Satan*, based on the real-life Ricky Kasso murder/suicide case), Van Bebber has been right in there to document it in his own graphic and unflinching style. This guy is out to make films his way, no matter how

long it may take, letting nobody and nothing stop him. A laudable attitude in these sterile and entropic times. We catch up with the Maestro of Mayhem just as he is finally finishing shooting his second full-length feature, *Charlie's Family*, his five-years-in-the-making final word(?) on Chuck Manson and his wacky bunch of murderous followers. The Spahn Ranch will never seem the same again after this baby hits the screens, so without further ado let's dive right in and meet the documentor of urban nightmares, in whichever form they may choose to come.

So how long have you been making films?

I started making short Super 8 films when I was eleven. I got a scholarship to Wright State University's Motion Picture Program because of a forty minute film I'd made.

Did you find film school a good learning experience? Aren't they homogenizing factories churning out directors who all make the same stuff?

Well, yeah, I think it depends what you want out of it; I went to Wright State knowing I wanted to learn the technology of 16mm and, once I'd done that, just get out of there. I had a couple of great tutors, James Klein and Julia Reichert, documentarians who've been nominated twice for Academy Awards. Meeting them was great, which is where I met my partners Marcello Games and Mike King [Note: Games and King are partners in Mercury Films, the company formed by the cinematic triptych after they left school—Graham]. By the

third year of college I knew my way around 16mm and was looking at dropping out with Mike and Marcello, so I took out a student loan saying that I was going to do a third year in school. Instead I bought ten rolls of film with the money and we started shooting *Deadbeat at Dawn*.

tribute to the American International Pictures biker films of the late sixties like the *Wild Angels*, the *Glory Stompers*, mixed in with psychedelia and—we mixed in a lot of drugs.

I noticed. Where did you learn how to do make-up effects? Are you self-taught?

Yeah. After I saw *Dawn of The*

Dead I got interested in FX and started experimenting, making short films and putting FX in them until I just got better at it until, when we were making *Deadbeat at Dawn*, I pretty much had to handle the FX because of the budget. And that's the way it's been for *Charlie's Family*. I'm good enough to pull something off on 16mm but it's not my forte. I had the pleasure of working with Tim Gore on the "Spasmolytic" video. [For the industrial band Skinny Puppy. Jim has directed two videos for this band—Graham] He was handling the FX and that

was a joy. He also did all the FX for Skinny Puppy's last tour.

How did you first get involved with Skinny Puppy?

Well, I met two of the members when I was doing *Chunkblower*. [A Chas Balun-scripted film that never progressed past the trailer stage—Graham] I later hooked up with them when they were touring; they came to Dayton and I shot footage of them. I met them once more in San Antonio, which was when they asked me if I wanted to direct the "Spasmolytic" video.



Marcello Games gets downright Satanic as Charles Manson in Van Bibber's soon-to-be completed feature *Charlie's Family*.

Have you always been interested in real-life horror?

Well, when I was growing up I was making Ray Harryhausen-type, animated dinosaur films, but ever since I was in college I've thought real life is so much more fantastic than most fiction—it has that edge to it, it has that darkness. It could happen to you.

*Where did the idea for *Deadbeat at Dawn* come from? It seemed like a nostalgic throwback to *The Warriors* or *The Wanderers* type of gang film as opposed to the newer gang flicks.*

Oh no. *Deadbeat* is almost like a



Tex (Marc Pitman) throws a diabolical glare in *CHARLIE'S FAMILY*.

Whatever happened to Chunk-blower? Did it just disappear?

Well, it's still (producer) Gary Blair Smith's property but I haven't heard from him in a while. The money he had arranged fell through and he's been working lately for bands in Vancouver through his company, Plasma Films. It could be a great little film, and maybe it'll still happen

Deadbeat at Dawn took three-and-a-half years to complete, and Charlie's Family has taken a similarly protracted length of time. Where do you find the stamina to keep a project alive without just throwing up your hands and going "Aw fuck this!"?

No, that's impossible. Once you get so far into a film, and I can see what I've got and where it's going, the logical thing to do is keep going; and secondly it's (*Charlie's Family*) a really hot movie and if it takes another five years I'll get through it in the end. It's an addiction; you're a fucking junkie. A shoot is like a fix; you'll beg, steal and borrow to get that shoot, to get your fuckin' fix

Did you ever end up making anything at all from Deadbeat at Dawn?

No, but somebody did—the distribution company we're in litigation with right now. They made a bit I think, so we're trying to get the rights back. Foreign distribution

could be a little bit, like forty grand, but we're currently looking for new representatives to go to the market with

Have you any advice for first-time filmmakers on how not to get screwed on their first deal, or is this an inevitable rite of financial passage?

I think, yeah, you're gonna get screwed a little bit somehow. My advice is just get all of your release forms signed, get a lawyer to look over contracts, and try to get advance money from distribution companies wherever possible.



You've acted in most of your own films. Is this something more of a financial necessity than a luxury you enjoy?

It's a luxury I enjoy. I enjoy actors and all the personal little trips each has to undergo to make . . . whatever happen. Acting in my own films adds a whole new dimension to them for me.

Are you still interested in making a full-length version of Roadkill then?

Oh yeah, definitely, it's gonna happen.

Do you honestly think the world needs another serial killer film?

Oh, mine will be different. When it comes out there won't be anything like it.

You know that Jorg Buttgereit's new film is about a serial killer?

Yeah, *Schramm*, I can't wait to see it. I love his work, he's a wizard. But I don't think it'll be anything like *Roadkill*, even from the point of view that I'm an American and he's German.

Left: Tina Martin is the beautiful yet doomed Sharon. Below: Sadie (Maureen Allise) and Patty (Leslie Orr) are Charlie's family.





Mark Gillespie in *My Sweet Satan*. Gillespie's grim 1988 short *Runaway* is a

"It's an addiction; you're a fucking junkie. A shoot is like a fix; you'll beg, steal and borrow to get that shoot, to get your fuckin' fix."

—JIM VAN BEBBER

'83, Kasso killed that kid in '84. It

had a lot of stuff I could relate to. . . angel dust, dope, that small-town experience. . . a lot of elements. I always thought it would make a great feature, but I decided to make a short film and condense it, playing loose with the facts, set it in Dayton, Ohio and give it a 1993 feel.

Have you been part of that psychoactive lifestyle—getting wiped out and fucking about?

Oh, Sure . . .

What's your favorite drug then?

Ummm. . . I'd have to say marijuana.

na. Marijuana's something you can grow old with—everything takes its toll after so much time—and I plan on growing old.

*Some people can watch the graphic murders in *Satan* with no trouble at all, but they balk at the nipple piercing scene. Have you ever noticed this effect on audiences yourself?*

Oh yeah, yeah, because after a while they figure out the nipple scene is real. It depends on your audience... some people are okay, but some can't quite deal with it.

*Amongst some of the druggy characters I know, *Satan* is one of their favorite films, yet it's a scathing critique of their hollow*

Steve Bissette wrote in *Deep Red Alert* that your work had a moral imperative, forcing the noses of the jaded and voyeuristic audience out there who think they've seen everything into the stuff they think they want to see and then making them sick with it. Would you agree?

Yeah, I think so. I actually believe there is a morality at work in my films because, unlike say [*Demolition Man* producer] Joel Silver, I treat violence with the respect it deserves. Violence shouldn't be dealt with in films unless you are responsible for the violence you portray. These films are based on hideous incidents, so if the audience doesn't feel anything you're not doing your job correctly.

You mention Joel Silver. Do you think you could work within the Hollywood system, given the chance, to produce a ten million dollar film with an 'R'-rating and a happy ending?

Well, I'd love to try. I'd love to see what I could do with a big budget and I'm sure I could do an 'R'-rated film, but a happy ending, I dunno. . . But like I said, I'd love to try. I'm not even thirty yet, so. . . what the fuck.

*What was it about the Ricky Kasso case that inspired you to make *My Sweet Satan*?*

I read a lot of true crime paperbacks, and there was something about that one [*Say You Love Satan*] that just rang true about my growing up through high school. I graduated in



John Martin (Gillespie) makes short work of *My Sweet Satan* (Marc Pitman and Maureen Allise) in *Runaway*. Watchable climax



lifestyle.

Oh yeah, as a *lifestyle* it's a pretty narrow street to travel. What I've observed is that kids stay in that sort of a rut—I guess—for three or four years in their early twenties then advance on into some other form of lifestyle

What do you think a proper label for your films would be, if they had to have one? "Urban horror" maybe?

Well, I dunno. The only film of mine I would call horror—true horror—is *The Last Days Of John Martin*. *My Sweet Satan* was true crime, so is *Charlie's Family*, and *Deadbeat At Dawn's* action, so.

My mother watched My Sweet Satan and she thinks you're a good actor. But how did you manage to get the city fathers of Dayton to cooperate with the filming of Satan after all the hassles you gave them during the filming of Deadbeat?

[Van Bibber, having no permits to shoot on city streets or public places, would often adopt a 'shoot-and-run' policy that involved the production with the police more than once; the police officers in *Deadbeat's* cemetery fight scene are real and were unplanned.—Graham]

Well, in a small way, *Deadbeat* helped Wright State get its grant for an extra wing for the motion picture department.

Was it a sort of 'We have local talent, so we've got to have more funds'?

Exactly.

What's the status on Charlie's Family? Are you currently winding up?

Yeah. We finally scored the cash to finish shooting the last remaining big scenes. We'll be shooting all through August then we'll be wrapped with all the photography. It's then a matter of raising the funds to start sound editing so I can start picture editing. We started in '88, so we've been stopping and starting for five years.

Where did you get the money, did you rob a bank or something?

No [Laughs]. We finally got an investor, somebody we'd been talking

"These films are based on hideous incidents, so if the audience doesn't feel anything you're not doing your job correctly."

—JIM VAN BEBBER

In 1988, Van Bebber directed the Tate murder scene in *CHARLIE'S FAMILY*, which will have taken five years to finish.

to and he just came through. That's the way it's been; we've been shooting bits and pieces and showing it around to people. It's a really fucked up way to shoot a movie.

Waking up every morning and praying that one of your lead actors hasn't been killed in a car crash or something?
Oh, exactly. Actually it serves this project because *Charlie's Family* is made up of episodes throughout a two-and-a-half-year timespan, so the subtle changes in the actors' appearances actually enhances the movie. Ironically, it helped.

Is your interest in Manson that of an acolyte or more that of an interested observer?

I'm interested in the attention that the case has received, in how much conflicting information there is. Basically it's a meditation on what the general public doesn't know about the case and, y'know, it just tries to be a real entertaining docu-drama.

It occurred to me that one of the central themes of your films is how the desires and obsessions

of some people can reach out and fuck up the lives of others...

I believe wholeheartedly that no one's safe, at any time at all.

Don't you feel that by showing Manson in an unfavorable light, you'll be leaving yourself wide open to harassment from any of the freaky fuckin' characters out there who still regard Charlie as God?


Actually I think all viewpoints are represented in this film, so no one camp is going to be outraged at the way they're portrayed because it's all very close to reality. I don't even think it will offend the hardcore Manson fanatics but, you know, what the fuck,

who cares?! If you let a thing like that stop you from making a movie then you're just gutless trash. I'm hoping now we'll have a finished print by the beginning of the next year, for '94.

What's next after the epic Manson saga? Will it be the neo-Nazi skinhead film I've heard mentioned? What's the title?

There is no title, but right now we're calling it *CANA*, which stands for *Cleveland-Arkansas Neo-Nazi Actioner*. The script's getting very close to being finished, but that'll be an expensive movie—probably a couple million. So who knows, all I can think about right now is finishing *Charlie's Family*.

Sounds good. Have you got any closing remarks for the crazies out there who want to make their own films?

I'd just encourage people to shoot film instead of video—even Super 8 is not a bad way to go as long as you remember your sound is eighteen frames ahead of your picture when you're editing. But all film is F-stops, the approach to lighting is the same—it gets you ready for serious filmmaking because film stock, no matter what the gauge, is all film. It's just a better learning medium, in my opinion. 

Special thanks to Martin "Hoser" Hall for the use of the dictaphone. Bairns for the first division this year.



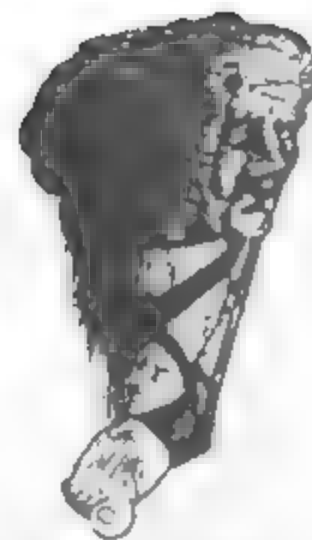
Gary (Mike Moore) seals his own bloody fate by stealing from the demon-worshipping Ricky Kasso (Van Bebber) in *MY SWEET SATAN* (1993).

BUTTGEREIT RETURNS WITH A SICK NEW HORROR TALE

The director cozies
up with his latest cel-
luloid abomination,
the serial killer
Schramm (as played
by Florian Körner Von
Gustorf).

Photo: Micha Brendel





SCHRAMM! INTO THE MIND OF A SERIAL KILLER

by David Kerekes

To those familiar with director JÖRG BUTTGEREIT, it's no surprise that his new film again focuses on death, dismemberment, sex and all things macabre. But does the world need another serial killer film? Probably not, but then again, Buttgereit isn't just another director—and this film's murderer has an entirely different perspective.

SCHRAMME WITH AN 'E' means "scratch." Without the 'e,' Schramm is the eponymous serial killer subject of Jörg Buttgereit's new feature. Filming has been delayed because Manfred Jelinski—producer and general Mr Fixit—has lost the use of his right arm after snapping a tendon moving a gravestone. Manfred's ailing limb reminds Jörg of the stomach ulcer *Nekromantik 2* gave him, which inspires the director to take it easy so *Schramm* doesn't give him another one. He pops pills, swallows rancid herbal tea and uses a special, more natural sugar. Several spoonfuls and it still doesn't taste sweet. On the set, Jörg constantly jokes, "I can't work under such conditions." After a while, it doesn't sound like he's joking anymore.

KILLER EXPERIENCES

The movie opens with taxi driver and serial killer Lothar Schramm, (played by a stocky Florian Körner von Gustorf) lying in a pool of whitewash, motionless except for the trail of blood running from his nose. It is apparent he has fallen from a pair of stepladders while trying to paint over bloodstains

on the walls of his apartment. Dying, he thinks back to how he had loved his mother and all those innocent girls he killed. He imagines his right leg is missing and the genitals of his victims snap at his dick, trying to bite it off. Within the hallucination, he encounters a vagina monster—just one of the phantasmagoric manifestations that haunt him and the audience throughout the film. You see, the world of *Schramm* is seen entirely through the killer's fevered eyes.

Although the first scene is Schramm's ignominious death, the film is about how he lived. In flashbacks, he murders two Jehovah Witnesses who knock at his door. Not having the will-power to turn them away, he lets them in. They chat. He bludgeons them to death, strips them naked and puts their bodies into positions he imagines would be frowned upon in the face of their Lord. He likes to think they died virgins, but then has sex with their dead bodies.

Monika is a call-girl and Schramm's next door neighbor. Occasionally he listens through the wall to her entertaining customers. Sometimes, as he listens, he fucks a blow-up torso.



LEFT: Schramm (von Gustorf) graphically indulges his sexual fantasies involving his prostitute neighbor, Monika (played by Monika M.).

ABOVE: (L to R) Producer Manfred Jelinski and director Buttgerieit take a moment to *schramme* chins during their first editing session on the new film.

One day, Monika asks Schramm to drive her to a rich client's house. He does so and a bond forms between the two. She wants Schramm to wait for her as it's her first job "away from home" and she's a little nervous. In a way, he falls in love with her.

A constant anathema in Schramm's life is his right leg which, he imagines, has turned rotten and dropped off. He believes the leg on which he walks is false and ill-fitting. It causes him to lose balance, as in the opening sequence when he topples from the stepladder to his lonely death.

Immobile in whitewash, he dies, and Lothar Schramm stands before the gates of heaven about to meet his maker.

EAST GERMAN ESCAPADES

For the final day of shooting, the crew make their way into the town of Pankow (in former East Germany) to a house once belonging to a since-deposed government official. Franz, Eddy the German, Monika, Marianne, Jörg and I ride together. Manfred and Clemens, the soundman, follow in the truck. Someone makes a crack about knowing you've crossed the old border dividing Berlin when the road switches to cobblestone. I laugh—until the car begins to bounce violently several minutes into the journey. We've crossed the divide.

Arriving in Pankow, we slip onto side roads. Moving away from traffic,

we come to a great house, set just off a picture-postcard lane where children play and machinery bellows smoke in the distance. Chestnut trees surround the house and the slightest breeze causes fruit the size of tennis balls to pummel the car, the pavement, the route to the door of the house. We initiate a relay-race to get the equipment out of the truck, trying to negotiate the breeze and determine the best moment to make a break for it.

The house itself is three stories high and not at all furnished in the Traubant-esque manner expected of a Communist Eastern Bloc dwelling. Instead, it is oppressively lavish and ornate, decadent down to the barroom relief wallpaper. Clemens has somehow managed to procure the property for today's shoot. But, there is no running water. So, the swimming pool is empty and the toilet doesn't flush. It also stinks a little. On the ground floor, there is a huge conference room with a grand oak table. This is where we'll tie up Monika. Upstairs we discover the perfect place for Eddy to meet his whore—a bedroom bedecked in expensive trinkets and equally expensive ugly paintings.

Eddy's only comment: "I'm hungry."

MONIKA BOUND

Every so often during filming, Monika (played by Monika M., of *Nekromantik 2* infamy) squeals as the



Schramm literally takes it in the eye Clockwork Orange style during one of his many horrific hallucinations. Makeup effects were handled by Michael Romahn

rope burns her wrists or the back of her legs. Crew members offer assistance in tying the knots, but longtime Buttgereit cowriter Franz Rodenkirchen does most of the binding. Jörg takes a snapshot with his still camera, singing almost inaudibly, "Girls just want to have fun..."

Half an hour later, the last knot is secured. Franz ponders his work, adjusting the binds here and there. At the far end of the room, the camera stands ready, mounted on its wheelbase. Jörg lines up the shot and someone throws a dog leash at Monika's feet. "Okay ... ACTION." The camera sweeps steadily across the floor, traverses the length of the room toward the hapless victim as she struggles against her bonds, finally coming to rest inches from her gagged mouth. Crew members applaud, wheel the camera back for another take, and run through the sequence again. They decide on a third take for good luck.

Monika bound, gagged and adorned in a Nazi boy's brigade uniform, is to be seen in *Schramm's* final sequence. She is the last thing Lothar Schramm will dream of before dying. He fantasizes about the girl to no end. But he fantasizes about everything.

HE
BLUDGEONS
THEM TO
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THEM NAKED
AND PUTS
THEIR BODIES
INTO POSI-
TIONS HE
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LORD.

THE MYSTERIOUS JOSEF K.

While in Germany, I reside at the address of 'Josef K.'—a pseudonymous cover for a vacant apartment. Police raids on the Buttgereit home, his workplace and the homes of his friends and associates, have deemed it necessary to create this neutral ground to safely hide his officially "banned" movies *Nekromantik* and *Nekromantik 2*. This is where the master prints are hidden. It's Josef K.'s name on the mailbox, Josef K.'s name on the bank account, and Josef K. who pays the rent every month. "He really does exist," says Manfred, "on paper."

Before I moved in, the Josef K. apartment was host to several of *Schramm's* bedroom scenes. No one can explain why unwashed dishes and cups of cold black coffee clutter the kitchen, or why several bags of overly ripened prunes lay on the table. There is a stove and crates of emptied beer bottles in the corner. The pantry is bare.

Upon leaving the kitchen, one comes across the bathroom. Opposite this, a storage cupboard houses folded bed sheets and a bloody leg stump, shorn just above the knee.

Moving along there is a bedroom—my room. On the ancient wrought iron



Above: Monika (Monika M.) displays some of coscriptor Franz Rodenkirchen's knotwork. Below: Schramm fantasizes about his detachable appendage.



framework bed, I sleep in an S-shape to avoid the mattress holes cut out for some horrific visual effects trickery. The extracted pieces of foam lie on the floor at the back of the room. In vain, I try to replace them. Dry blood trails from stains in the sheets to the bathroom, over the mirror, to the tub. A pair of handcuffs hanging from the bed frame prompts me to put my feet at the head of the bed so I might sleep without the grate of metal-on-metal in my ear. Copies of *Awake!* and *The Watchtower*, circa 1969, lay hidden under the bed accompanied by *Tortured Love*, a pulp novel with a bosom-heavy brunette pouting lasciviously from the cover. A TV set stands to my left with a video recorder beneath it. Neither machine works. The sleeve of an empty video case extols fashionable ladies' underwear for the older woman. Upon a wooden chair stands an empty wine glass, an empty bottle of Skull beer, a water pitcher and one inflatable love doll.

"Take My Body" it says on the doll's box. I pull open the flap located next to the announcement "Great new aids for loving." A ripe orange nipple greets me. I coax the lifeless balloon out of its packaging and proceed to blow on its valve.

The model lounging on the box is beautiful. The enclosed Ms. Take My Body, on the other hand, when fully inflated, has no head, no limbs, is a gaudy pink (and orange) and has discolored acrylic pubes. Indeed, she is all torso. Not only that, but where the neck stops (and where one would expect to find a head) is an inscription: PRESS HERE AND FIND A WONDERFUL FEELING AT THE BOTTOM. Pressing, as directed, the torso's "hole" throbs menacingly. I imagine the "wonderful feeling" takes a little getting used to.

The image of *Schramm's* vagina monster with its snapping teeth springs to mind and I fold Take My Body back into her box.

RELAXING BETWEEN TAKES

Monika has a throat infection and keeps a scarf around her neck when not filming. She sips from a bottle of Skull Beer and lights a cigarette. Copies of *Solaris* and *Enter the Dragon* need returning to the Videodrom store on her way home. Based on her choice of movies and interest in football, Florian tells the rest of the crew that Monika is a man.

He calls Franz an East German and Monika a man.

"He did? That's not true!" Monika confirms.

Ever joking, the bare-chested Florian leaps to his feet with the cry "AMERICAN NINJA!" before assuming the stance of an ultimate warrior—legs spread slightly apart poised ready to pounce, fists curled ready to strike. This goes on almost every day, Florian's belly hanging over his trousers—if he wears trousers at all. Sometimes he seems to be re-enacting the opening scene of *Apocalypse Now*, karate-chopping the air like a demented Captain Willard. Resembling a slightly underweight Nicholas Worth in *Don't Answer the Phone*, he turns to Jörg and, for no discernible reason, calls him a "fag pervert."



**"ONE THING I
TOLD MYSELF
AFTER MY
ULCER WITH
NEKROMANTIK 2
IS YOU HAVE TO
HAVE FUN."**

—JÖRG BUTTGEREIT

Who says Jehovah's Witness's can't have fun? Schramm proves otherwise.

"One thing I told myself after my ulcer with *Nekromantik 2*," says Jörg, "is you have to have fun. I don't want to have a bad time. I thought Florian would be fun to have on the set."

But Florian's lyrical tone and jovial manner are offset by his demanding,

often threatening presence once the camera begins to roll. Then the fooling around stops.

"If I can get someone who looks like the part they are to play, that's half the battle," Jörg says, apparently satisfied with his casting for *Schramm*. **[USA]**

Kerekes' book *Sex Murder Art: The Films of Jörg Buttgereit* will be released later this year. Published by: Bad Blood, 83 Clerkenwell Road, London, EC1M5RJ. 200 pages. £9.95/\$18.95

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AN EXERCISE IN SCOTTISH CELLULOID PSYCHOSIS

BLOOD JUNKIES

"They've got your video. . . now
they're back for your soul."

—*Blood Junkies* tag line

DATELINE: APRIL 1993.
THE PLACE: Edinburgh,
Scotland. THE TIME: Around 1AM.
THE FILM: The 16mm vampire epic
Blood Junkies. Director Bruce
Naughton has found a new method of
crash directing with guaranteed
results: it's called being a First Time
Director on a Low Budget Horror
Film. "Look at these," says Naughton
to me, pulling his trousers away a
couple of inches from his rapidly-
diminishing waistline, "these used to
fit me."

"You are fucking joking," I reply,
slightly shocked.

"No," he answers ruefully, "and I'm
smoking sixty a day too."

Naughton isn't joking. And he is
chain smoking. It's getting towards
the tail end of a long day, I have been
on-set for around twelve hours and am
shattered, but at least I had more than
three hours of sleep the night before.
The film's erstwhile director has been
living (along with his crew) this type
of psychosis-inducing schedule for a
week of filming so far, now, with
more than a week of shooting still to
come the film has turned into a cellu-

loid war of attrition - and the film is
winning at this point. But why this
masochistic madness? Why would a
grown man subject himself to such
insanity. . . and drag others along for
the ride too? Well, to answer this and
many other questions we have to
backtrack a few months to the pro-
ject's inception. Onwards and back-
wards then. . .

*Journey to the
center of Scottish-
made schlock in
this account of
blood, drugs and
neophyte film-
makers ready to
give their very
last drop.*

By Graham Rae

"L'Enfer, c'est les artistes."

—Sartre (paraphrased)

It is the tail end of 1992. Spurred
on by the small-scale success of prolif-
ic American ultra-low-budget cellu-
loid-producing factories like Fred
Olen Ray and J.R. (*Dead Next Door*)
Bookwalter (the man who "fuckin'
inspired" our would-be Scottish film-
makers), Edinburgh denizen Bruce
Naughton and his producer cohort
"Keithy" Bradley decide it's time to
get serious and make their own film.
Following a time-honored Scottish
tradition, Naughton wants to make a
small art film to show what they can
do. Keithy thinks otherwise. "Fuck
yer fuckin' art film, let's make some
money" is the sound financial (and
aesthetic) argument he puts forth.
Naughton, having just seen the
abysmal *Over-Sexed Rug-Suckers
From Mars* and on an "anybody could
do better than that. . . and get a distri-
bution deal" kick eagerly agrees. I
mean, just how hard can making a
film be?

Pretty fucking hard, especially in
Scotland. On the rounds for possible
financing the *Blood* brothers put in a
plea for a maximum three thousand
dollar grant from Scottish Television



Caratonic director Bruce Naughton stares into deep space.



A nasty victim courtesy of the Rob Bottin-worshipping FX team.



Actor Sean Hay lounges between takes.

and the Scottish Arts and Film Council, prudently removing the word "junkies" from the title to make it more acceptable to the effete dilettante pigfuckers they've got to brown-nose for the cash. Things look hopeful. A maximum grant is secured but is withdrawn shortly afterwards, vetoed by the stuffed shirts (listening, Chris Pye?) on the council. A tale about an AIDS virus-sucking vampire in the sleazy Edinburgh suburb of Muirhouse - complete with junkies, murderous police vigilante squads and occasional outbursts of graphic gore—is obviously one that strikes a raw nerve amongst the spineless artshitters holding the purse-strings. "We don't do shock," Naughton and Bradley are told. However, the lads have a friend on the inside who eventually manages to secure them a conciliatory figure of seven hundred-and-fifty dollars (£500) toward their budget. Not much, but better than a kick in the balls. But it was the same old story: The blockheads in charge of the cash would rather throw it at pretentious artshit "filmmakers" than at anybody who'd like to go against the grain and make (whisper it, my God) MONEY!

Therein lies an abject lesson for

those of you in Scotland (and the rest of Britain) who'd like to make films. This is a prime example of the snobbery inherent in the oxymoronically-titled British Film Industry, often railed against by Michael Winner. Unless you're making a costume drama (of the type those old farts at Merchant-Ivory keep vomiting out), a Bill (*Gregory's Girl*) Forsyth-type lightweight comedy or a neo-existentialist *Meaning of Life* epic, YOU'RE FUCKED. Making money in film is considered aesthetically illegal in Britain, which is why we should be grateful to people like Bruce and Keithy. . . even if they are influenced by Fred Olen Ray.

But anyway. . . after this humiliating put-down by know-nothing neophytes, messrs. Naughton and Bradley got angry, gritted their teeth and resolved to make the film by any means possible. Buying second-hand cameras and lights (instead of renting them at exorbitant rates, a frugal tactic which of course meant that they now had an equipment base for another film should the opportunity arise to make one) as well as various other props they begged, stole and borrowed the rest of the extremely low

(under ten thousand dollars) budget from any-and-everywhere. Faith can move mountains and Naughton's adherence to Bookwalter's getting "from A to B like a buzzsaw and he doesn't care how he gets there" philosophy was beginning to bear fruit.

A young, mad, up-and-coming FX crew (who wildly worship Rob Bottin) was drafted to work alongside various unemployed local characters and teens (as well as a professional cameraman whose previous job had been filming Mars bar adverts with various low-rent celebrities in London) as well as a smattering of local pro and aspiring acting talent. It was now time for Bruce and Keithy to put their video production backgrounds into pragmatic use. It was time to roll film.

Which brings us almost full circle. Bruce got in contact with yours truly through our omnipotent editor and I dragged my carcass through to the Triangle Arts Centre in the aforementioned den of drugs-and-AIDS-ridden iniquity. True to the film's low-budget form, twice I visited the set and ended up being a lighting and camera assistant. Cries (from Bruce) of "Kill the house lights, please," as well as "I



Gordon Slater is the psycho-cop on the trail of cannibals.



Preparing for the blood orgy scene.



Making something out of nothing—the key to Blood Junkies' FX secrets.

don't have time for wisecracks" and "Anybody seen the darkroom key?" (where the equipment had been stored to stop some of the seedier locals from nicking it) soon became familiar to me, as did shimmying up ladders to place Mizar lights or fuck around with colored gels. [Don't say you don't get yer money's worth from FILM THREAT, Bruce—that's the most exercise I've done in years!]

I even got to make my filmic debut: My hands were shot in close-up lifting a rat (one of two, named Starsky and Hutch after the seventies wah-wah pedal cop icons) out of a cage. Fame at last, eh? The rat in question was to have its head bitten off by the lead actor Sean Hay (as Scottish skinhead vampire Sir Ruari McDorchas, looking like a undead refugee from *Romper Stomper*) after which he would pour the blood all over his chest and have two of his female minions lick it off in the (hopefully) infamous "party orgy" scene. I'm proud to be associated with such material, let me tell you. And I would have partaken of the various drugs lying about, too, if the speed and coke hadn't been salt and the lumps of hash merely lumps of chocolate. But ah, *c'est la vie*.

But finally, after seventeen days of filming, it was all over, and not even camera mishaps or occasional police investigation had managed to shut the production down. The thing was in the can, and a premiere at the 1993 Edinburgh Film Festival in August being aimed for. When I met Bruce at the wrap party he actually seemed sane and in decent spirits, as opposed to during the shoot when he constantly seemed on the edge of exploding or disappearing through the world's first case of celluloid-based anorexia. Keithy was as cool as ever (having acted all through the production as the perfect, unflappable foil to Bruce's auteurial idiosyncrasies) and told me about his Sawney Bean project which was gathering steam (and which you'll read about in the FTVG when it gets underway, rest assured). I moved onto triple vodkas (well, they were only £1.50/\$2.25) and was soon shoveled nearly-unconscious into a taxi. When I awoke with a decent-sized hang-over the next day something occurred to me about the booze of the night before. It was a lot like Bruce Naughton and Keith Bradley's style of "just do it" filmmaking; cheap, effective, and spirited—which was obviously not too bad at all—and I for one look forward to seeing the finished film. I just hope there's not too much Fred Olen Ray in it though. . . [TV]

Graham, a world-class substance abuser in his own right, would like to thank the entire Blood Junkies crew for their hospitality, alcohol and drugs.

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HARDCORE

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Filmmaker Bruce La Bruce's upcoming feature SUPER 8^{1/2} is a savage blow against homogenized sexual behavior. Here's a self-labeled "fag" who's not interested in being assimilated by a bunch of sexual dullards—straight or gay.

By David E. Williams



Filmmaker Bruce La Bruce (left) lounges with Bjorn, his self-absorbed costar.

PUMMELED BY THE TURBULENT RIP-TIDES inherent to bargain-basement filmmaking, Canadian director/costar/York University drop-out Bruce La Bruce (or BlaB, as his friends call him), is well on his way to becoming a twisted piece of human wreckage. But human wreckage with a purpose—that's right, La Bruce has got a film to finish—and enough nerve to risk pneumonia engaging in outdoors scenes of *flagrante delicto* art, incarceration by Royal Mounties and the wrath of his now-institutionalized former director of photography, whose deluded brain had linked BlaB to the Chinese mafia and a global web of pornographic deceit. Of course this is all on top of dealing with Bjorn, former lover, costar and object of La Bruce's oft-

rejected (yet continued) advances.

Did I mention his touch of alcoholism?

Some of us have enough trouble keeping a shot in focus while straight—strictly state-of-consciousness speaking, of course.

Meeting with La Bruce in a Los Angeles eatery, I conveniently forgot about that nagging "health" problem as I ordered a pitcher of Sierra Nevada Pale Ale. I knew I'd need to get a buzz going quickly if we were going to be on the same wavelength—a deduction made soon after I picked Bruce up from his friend's groovy leopard skin-draped West Hollywood pad.

La Bruce's previous film, *No Skin Off My Ass*, became a

staple of (and major hit at) umpteen gay-themed festivals two years ago. However, *No Skin*, an "opposites attract" parody of Robert Altman's *That Cold Day In the Park* in which a flaming hairdresser (La Bruce) falls for a leather-clad skinhead (Klaus Von Brucker), also had appealed to a international multitude of straight females for whom the image of two men locked in non-threatening mutual masturbation is apparently a popular fantasy. Explains La Bruce, "The audiences in Tokyo were mainly teenage girls who really got off watching two guys—probably since they're treated like dirt there and just enjoy the embarrassment men around them might be feeling. But a lot of women tell me they share a sort of homophile attraction to those scenes."

Maybe it was just *No Skin*'s solid, *Pretty Woman*-esque romance angle.

Ironically, *No Skin* was panned by many members of the gay press, who "nitpicked over technical bullshit or decried its exploitive tone," says BlaB. "They were probably just jealous. But some of them have an axe to grind just because I don't portray homosexuality as normal or average—the way GLADD and ACT-UP would like me to. Personally, I'm just not interested in their agenda of being as mundane and boring as everybody else. I happen to be gay but that doesn't mean I have to be benign."

And in an AIDS-obsessed world bent on making every gay character a warm-blooded, taxpaying, politically correct



The boys give their best to Hollywood.

**"Shooting in B&W helps, but the 'gaping wound' style that predominates porn these days is pretty disgusting."
—BlaB**

problem. Shooting in B&W helps, but the "gaping wound" style that predominates porn these days is pretty disgusting. And it's not like there are a lot of mainstream films that get hot at all—though Harvey Keitel's curbside jerk-

martyr (or a psycho serial killer), La Bruce's uncompromisingly provocative stylistics and storylines are decidedly out of (lock) step with the times.

Shadowing its much-imitated, 1963-released namesake, *Super 8^{1/2}* is the tale of a Warhol-looking, washed up porn star (BlaB) whose best "creative" years have past. Desperate, he turns to exploiting his own sexual relationships in an effort to revitalize his stagnant career. And what does one have to do to get ahead in Hollywood? According to the popular mythology, it's "Who you know." But La Bruce graphically offers the real-world variant, "You blow." With this philosophy in charge, *Super 8^{1/2}* delves into the world of Tinseltown depravity wholeheartedly, inspired in equal measure by director Frank Perry's Tuesday Weld vehicle *Play It as It Lays* and Billy Wilder's classic *Sunset Boulevard*.

Only a lot more people get naked. Indoors and out. And in the frosty Great White North, that can be a mean feat.

"Shooting 'pornography' outdoors is a complex endeavor under the best of circumstances," says La Bruce, who suffered greatly while shooting a nude hitchhiking scene last spring.

"And terribly difficult when you're not Madonna standing in the warm Florida sunshine with a limo waiting to whisk you away.

Also, just making actual sex aesthetically pleasing is a



Above: Dirty Pillows is one of the lesbo terrorists in the film-within-the-film parody *Submit to My Finger*. **Right:** La Bruce tries on a new coat—giving him that helpless, psychotic look he so desires.

off in *Bad Lieutenant* was pretty good."

Uh, yeah.

Fortunately for La Bruce, his replacement DP, Donna Mobbs, is a veteran of David Cronenberg's *The Brood* and *Videodrome* and is probably used to such unusual outlooks on life. And so are most of La Bruce's cast—a virtual Who's Who of the celluloid underground featuring Richard Kern, Christeen Martin (who's many talents will be prominently displayed in FTVG#10), Vaginal Creme Davis and Scott Thompson, the only *openly* gay member of the kinda-funny Kids in the Hall comedy troupe.

Figuring prominently in the opus is a parody of Kern's brand of subversive celluloid. Humorously entitled *Submit to My Finger*, this film-within-the-film turns the tables on the standard domineering-male filmmaker fantasy by giving us two highheeled and black-gartered dyke terrorist-types who prey upon unsuspecting male hitchhikers and force them to participate in humiliating sexual acrobatics. Kern himself plays a wet-dream date for one of the dykes in a dream-within-the-film-within-the-film sequence. (Are we all following this?)

Naturally, a production like *Super 8 1/2* would have its share of juicy moments worth reporting, but those related by BlaB all seemed to rely on a certain mean-spiritedness to truly enjoy. Does anyone like to hear his leading man announce that he may have crabs just moments before shooting a sex scene? What about accidentally scheduling a gang of extras to arrive too early for their scene—only to find that your camera has broken down and you have to

frantically throw some clothes on before finding another? Then there are the water pipes breaking and flooding the studio. And, of course, there's always the dilemma of having to banish your boyfriend from the set. . .

Somewhat more familiarly, a roadside shoot involving the abduction of a male hitchhiker by the two gun-toting girls nearly ended in a hail of actual gunfire.

After getting their shots of the duo abandoning their prey roadside in a pair of adult diapers, the cast and crew loaded up the half-ton production truck—only to have it sink up to its axles in mud on a soft shoulder while turning the thing around. Managing to flag down a motorist with a cellular phone, La Bruce called a tow truck. Upon its arrival, the idea sprang to mind to quickly stage a scene in which the terrorist twins hijack the truck and kidnap the unwary driver at gunpoint. All goes well and the impromptu action plays realistically. Too realistically. Minutes later, a posse of police cars tore up the road toward them, the cops burst out with guns drawn, shouting the demanding, "Drop your weapons!"

Fortunately, calm heads prevailed and La Bruce effectively weaseled out of the situation with the old "we're just a bunch of film students" ploy. It always works.

With the completion of *Super 8 1/2* on the near horizon, La Bruce is working on a feature script entitled *Homocidal*—a black comedy that will hopefully end the current cycle of Repressed-Homosexuals-As-Serial-Killers-films.

At least we don't have to worry about Bruce. **ITES**

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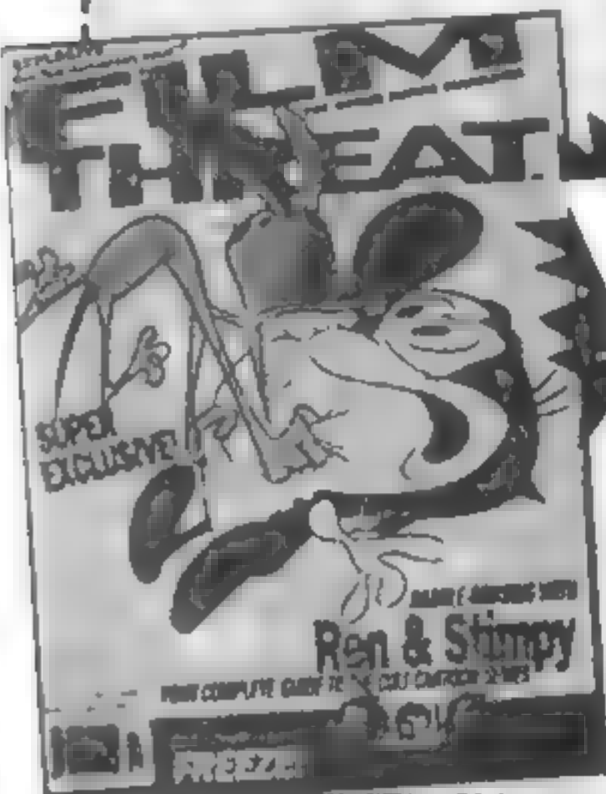
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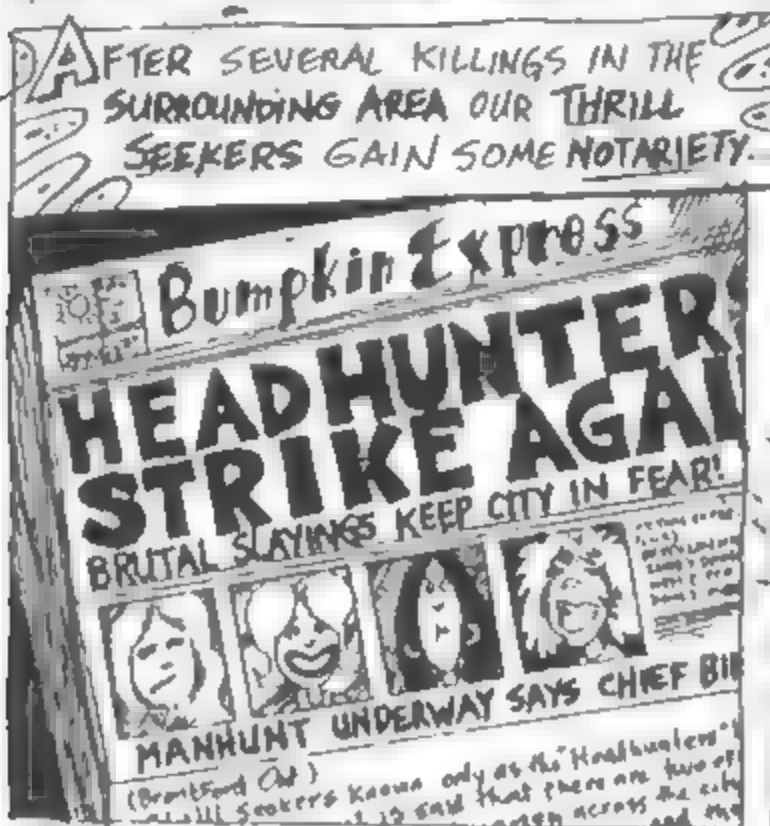
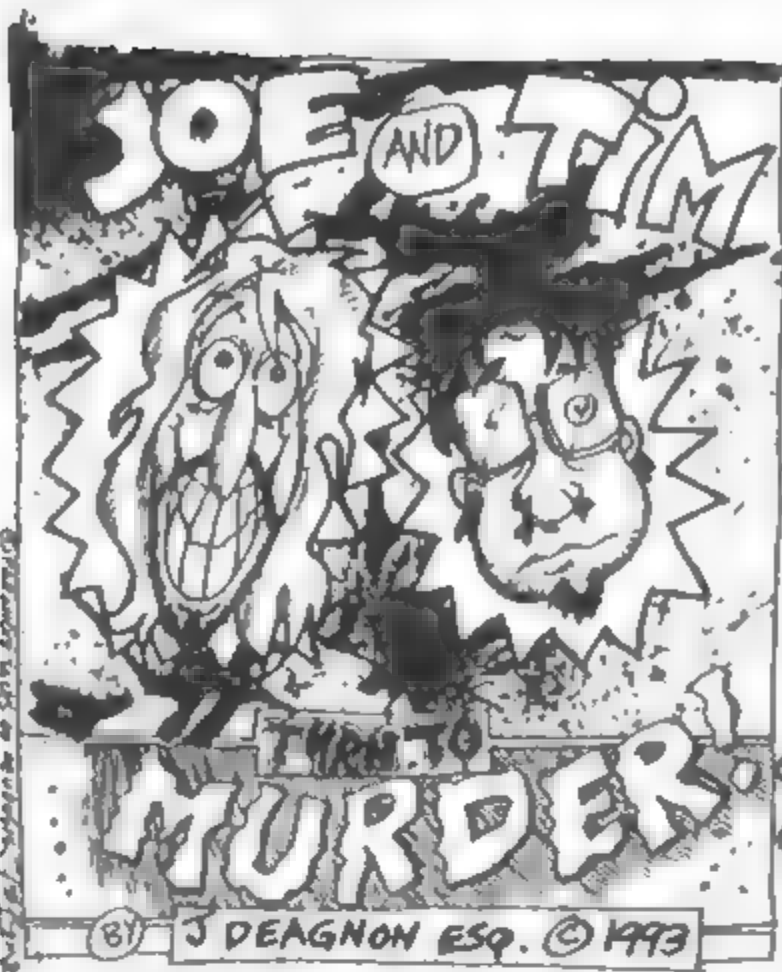
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AFTER A WHILE, THE BOYS WONDER IF MURDER WAS SUCH A GOOD CAREER MOVE.

GEE TIM, THIS ISN'T AS FUN AS I THOUGHT...

YEAH..



YOU'RE RIGHT JOE, IN FACT. IT'S DOWNRIGHT ANTI-SOCIAL!!

FINALLY, DUE TO IMMENSE GUILT, TIM AND JOE TURN THEMSELVES IN, MUCH TO THE JOY OF THE INEPT POLICE DEPARTMENT.

DO YOU TWO REALIZE YOU'VE KILLED OVER 30 YOUNG WOMEN?!!

WELL.. IT WAS KINDA LIKE SMOKING... ONCE YA START.

YEAH UH.. IT KINDA GOT OUT OF HAND.



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DEATH BY ELECTROCUTION, AND YOUR TESTICLES WILL BE AMPUTATED AND CONSUMED BY THE VICTIMS' FAMILIES!!



WHILE AWAITING EXECUTION, I PUBLISH A COMIC ON OUR EXPERIENCES, AND TIM SELLS HIS STORY TO A WRITER FROM PEOPLE.



WE'RE GIVEN MATCHING ELECTRIC CHAIRS AND THE MEDIA GATHERS AROUND FOR OUR FINAL TREATISE...

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED MY OWN TV MOVIE!!

PORN MADE ME DO IT!!



KA-CHUNG!

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ON





"Kern seemingly aspires to be the downtown David Cronenberg."

—J. HOBERMAN, THE VILLAGE VOICE

"Kern gets some of the most horrific images since David Lynch's *Eraserhead*."

—THE LOS ANGELES TIMES

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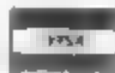
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DOCUMENTING SLEAZE



FROM GG TO
GOLDSTEIN

COVER STORY



*Contrary to popular belief, documentary filmmaking doesn't have to be boring. While exceptions like *Roger & Me* and *The Thin Blue Line* are ignored and the passionless PC yawnfests that predominate PBS, film festivals and the Academy Awards are supported, a handful of independents are going in another, more frightening, direction.*



Renegade documentarians Alex Crawford and Todd Phillips prepare to look into the ugly face of pornography.

by David E. Williams

ALTHOUGH BEING INVITED TO THE set of a porn film may sound like a wet-dream come true, the flaccid reality of the situation hits you like a cold bucket of water. There was nothing erotic or "hot" about it. Like on any other set, actors and actresses blew their lines, the director got pissed off on occasion and time was of the essence. Also, there were too many people standing around who had absolutely no business being there. People who were in the way. People who made things even more difficult than they had to be. People like me.

In fact, my "invitation" was more of a scam than anything else—one perpetrated by a documentary team immortalizing Al Goldstein, the reviled publisher of *Screw* magazine and the Clown Prince of Porn.

Filmmakers Todd Phillips and Alex Crawford called from New York to tell me of their plans to shoot Goldstein here in Los Angeles. They wanted to capture him in his natural habitat: Restaurants, auctions, on the set of a porn film ..

"Dave, if you want to come on the set with us, we could pass you off as our photographer," Phillips offered. "Just

bring a camera. Trust me, its gonna be fun."

I'd be lying if I said I hesitated for even a second. Like any red-blooded American male pig, a lowly chunk of my brain has always been obsessed with sleaze. And here was the chance not only to get knee-deep in the muck, but to do so with professional legitimacy: This was a story. I had to go. It's my job. And knowing Phillips and Crawford from their incredible film *Hated: GG Allin and the Murder Junkies*, I suspected this was going to be anything but boring.

GETTING HATED

Hated served us since-overdosed punk icon Allin straight up in his final days. He wasn't revealed as yet another MTV-ready poser or corporate pawn. He didn't go home after a long night of shrieking inane lyrics, rolling around in broken glass and eating his own

shit to greet a pleasant wife and watch the evening news. Instead, director Phillips and shooter/editor Crawford chronicled a piece of human refuse in sickening detail—as *Hated* delves deeply into the blood-stained world of twisted human abomination. In short, this was the perfect team



GG Allin argues with concertgoers during his final show. He would die that night of a cocaine/heroin overdose.



Crawford holds his problem-plagued camera.

to capture the real Goldstein alive on film.

Hated began as a short film at NYU: "I used GG's brother Merle in a short [consisting of him violently beating up a homeless guy] and GG loved it, so he agreed to let me do this profile on him. He liked the attention—to be known," explains Phillips. In contrast, the Goldstein documentary, tentatively titled *Porn, American Style*, is not only being made outside the university setting, but its subject is far less interested in the whole situation.

"There are days when he's our best friend," says producer Andrew Gurland. "And there are others when he's screaming at me, telling us he's going to have us all arrested."

Appeasing Goldstein and keeping him interested in the project became increasingly problematic.

"Al kept bugging me about finding him a date so, although I had never done this before, I set him up with my mom," admits Gurland. "I didn't mention his name when I brought it up, but I told her he was single, successful and Jewish. Then she screamed 'And



Merle Allin rides his brother's coffin into the ground.

he's Al Goldstein!' But they went out. Only once, but she did do it."

Fortunately, making *Hated* gave Phillips and Crawford experience with such volatile personalities, as covering such an explosive subject was not without mishap. Filming the enraged Allin on stage with the Murder Junkies was like dropping a produc-



Dino, the Murder Junkies drummer, pays tribute to his fallen king.

tion crew into the middle of the Mai Lai Massacre—considering the bald brute's propensity to viciously attack (or fling his own fresh feces at) unsuspecting concertgoers. To combat this fog of battle, Phillips used two well-marked camera crews: "We put orange patches all over them, so GG would know who they were and hopefully not punch them out." The result is *Hated's* instantly impactful opening—a brief show at NYC's Space at Chase that resulted in several broken noses and GG fleeing the scene to avoid parole violation.

Fortunately, Goldstein doesn't share either Allin's lust for violence or his relationship with the law—making *Porn, American Style* a little less dangerous to make.

And the girls are *slightly* more attractive.

ARRIVAL IN SLEAZEVILLE

The San Fernando Valley, just north of Los Angeles, should be a recognizable place to any porn aficionado. Hundreds and hundreds of tacky



apartment buildings and condos filled with cheap furniture, mirrored ceilings and large-breasted women randy for tawdry, irresponsible sex line miles of blacktopped roads.

But that's not where we ended up. Instead, we were lodged in a dark warehouse-sized studio filled with cheap sets, a video crew and large-breasted women nonplussed about having irresponsible sex.

Ushered in by the already arrived Crawford and Phillips, I was given a quick rundown on the origins of *Porn, American Style*. A year earlier, Goldstein had tried to run for sheriff in Broward County, Florida—the home of 2 Live Crew—where he is a legal resident. Not surprisingly, the local press treated Goldstein like he had the plague, relegating him to obscurity while his opponents enjoyed the warm glow of the spotlight. *Porn* coproducer Gurland and Crawford saw the situation as the perfect subject for a documentary short about the inequities of the media, but the situation fell apart when Goldstein's campaign manager, entrusted to get the noted pornographer on the ballot, disappeared with his \$30,000 fee without performing the vital service. Needless to say, Goldstein didn't get many votes. Gurland and Crawford later broadened the focus of the piece to include other aspects of Goldstein's sordid life and got to work. Freshly finished with *Hated*, Phillips stepped in to coproduce and work the shoots

Financing their flights out to Los Angeles by holding a



Goldstein's Girls: They needed all the time in make-up they could get. Clockwise from Top Left: Krista studies her "lines," Phillips gets a reading, Nichole offers proof of age, a blonde does her hair, Genieve adds some red and Leena was the undisputed star of the show.



Goldstein douses Nichole London with a double load of spray can whipped cream.

party/benefit featuring several strippers and an appearance by Goldstein, the trio arrived in Los Angeles and scheduled plenty of time with their subject and his motley crew—Ron Jeremy, *et al.* But the first day of shooting would be on the set of Goldstein's latest adult epic, *Tales From the Clit*—a barely reworked parody of the HBO horror anthology with Al standing in as an equally hideous Crypt Keeper

GETTING NAKED

Crawford, Phillips and their production team had arrived on the set hours earlier and were experiencing typical technical difficulties: The Nagra recorder wasn't working properly, the battery cable snapped a pin connector and the 16mm magazines were so noisy that director Teri Diver (Yes, her.) banned them from filming during the key "dialogue" scenes.

"You guys should use a real camera," one of the

anonymous video operators joked with rapier-like wit.

Uh, right. At least they *do* use their real names.

The actual set consisted of a couple flats thrown together to look like a bathroom with a rickety sink tossed in for good measure. Under the lights, Nichole London and Mike Homer practiced their lines, got their make-up perfected and listened to their direction from the diminutive director Diver.

"Then I want you to take off her top, suck on her nipples..." she droned clinically, motioning them into place

Ready, the tape started rolling, the lines were delivered and the clothes started coming off like clockwork, with the action only pausing for the occasional forehead mopping and pillow positioning in order to give the pair as much comfort as humanly possible—considering that there were about a dozen people watching them make the beast with two backs

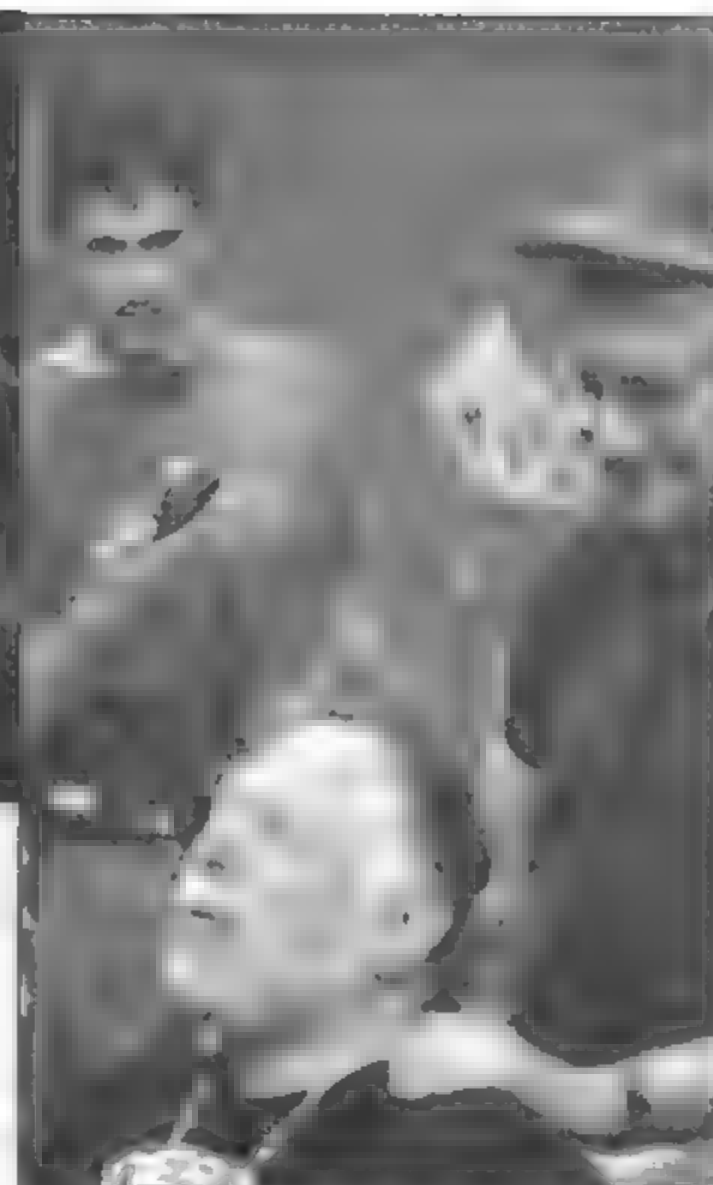
Ralph Parfait, the pseudonymous director of photography, and his assistant contorted with the cou-

**"I told her
he was
single,
successful
and
Jewish."**

**—Producer Andrew
Gurland on setting his
mom up with Goldstein**



Goldstein clowns while director of photography Ralph Parfait grabs lunch.



Crawford checks the light while Al dozes on the set.

pling duo, twisting obscenely to get that particularly unique angle.

"That's what it's all about," Parfait later told us. "You've gotta get those angles people haven't seen before. Otherwise they get bored."

Watching him lodge both a hooded telephoto lens and a 1000 watt light between London's long legs for a particularly perverse gynecological close-up convinced me of his dedication to this philosophy.

Seconds after their performance was over, the somewhat awestruck Phillips and Crawford moved in for the kill—sticking their own lens and microphone in London's sweat-streaked mug. She didn't seem amused.

Clutching a page of questions, Phillips tried to rattle off a few to the actress. She quickly wrapped herself in a towel, clearly uninterested in being interviewed in the buff. Shaken, Phillips turned his sights on costar Horner, who graciously answered a few queries with both hands strategically positioned over his crotch.

GOLDSTEIN GIVES HIS ALL

Arriving with writer/director/porn enthusiast Buck Henry in tow, Al Goldstein made his appearance soon after, sporting a T-shirt emblazoned with the words "Death Before Marriage" across the front. He seems genuinely happy to see Phillips and Crawford as he cavorts with Teri Diver and some of the cast—saving special

seconds to introduce Buck Henry to the filmmakers, who, looking worriedly at the two, quickly says "If you don't mind, I'd really rather not be on camera" and walks off skittishly.

Leaning over to Crawford, Goldstein says fiendishly, "Do me a favor and make sure to get Buck in your film." He was obviously thrilled by the prospect of his friend being tortured by our presence. Crawford would attempt to carry out this wish, but Henry proved elusive, lingering in the shadows until the promise of female nudity lured him out into the light, at which time he would pull out a tiny camera and snap off a few shots before thrusting it back into a pocket.

During one particularly gymnastic, shriek-filled girl/girl scene, Henry turned to Crawford and myself and softly joked, "You guys are too young for this stuff."

Meanwhile, bored by both the sex and even Henry's annoyance, Goldstein had fallen asleep in an overstuffed chair.

Despite whatever public image Goldstein cultivates through *Screw*, his *Midnight Blue* adult cable channel or his various acts of vengeance against humanity, the portly pornographer saves

his most vicious shots for those who deserve it, including his fans. Shooting his opening monologue for *Tales From the Clit*, he quipped, "This film is so low budget that I'm not even the real Al Goldstein. You scum-sucking lowlives don't deserve him—you don't deserve the real thing."

Fortunately, Crawford, Phillips and Gurland feel otherwise. **[TV-14]**

Porn, American Style is scheduled to wrap early next year.



Does Goldstein know what he's getting into?



A HEAVY METAL HELL

What becomes a semi-legend most? Probably not BLAZELAND, a heavy-metal fantasy spawned from the mind of former MC5 axe-man Wayne Kramer. It's as much rock 'n' roll debauchery as you can get this side of the Sunset Strip. (Or not.)

by Jeffrey L. Zimmitti

I READ ROLLING

Stone, man, I know what's happening out there"—the one memorable quote from this mostly drab rock 'n' roll/horror/suspense thriller that wasn't all that suspenseful. I knew what was coming next 90% of the time. Had it been done right, this could have been a decent, cheesy story.

It begins with Johnny Blaze (played by director Wayne Kramer)—rock god—driving his Porsche. As his sexy manager fondles him, he shoots up, guzzles booze and pops pills. Is there more to life? Anyway, guess what happens? They crash into an 18-wheeler. So he's dead, right? Nope, come to find out later, he's living in a haunted mansion plucked right out of *Frankenstein* and recruiting bands for his evil master plan. And what plan might that be, you ask. Well, to take over the world with his music, of course. Now, realize it's twelve years after the crash, and the public believes Blaze is dead. Only the truly privileged, psychotic fans living at



Heavy metal morons inhabit BLAZELAND.

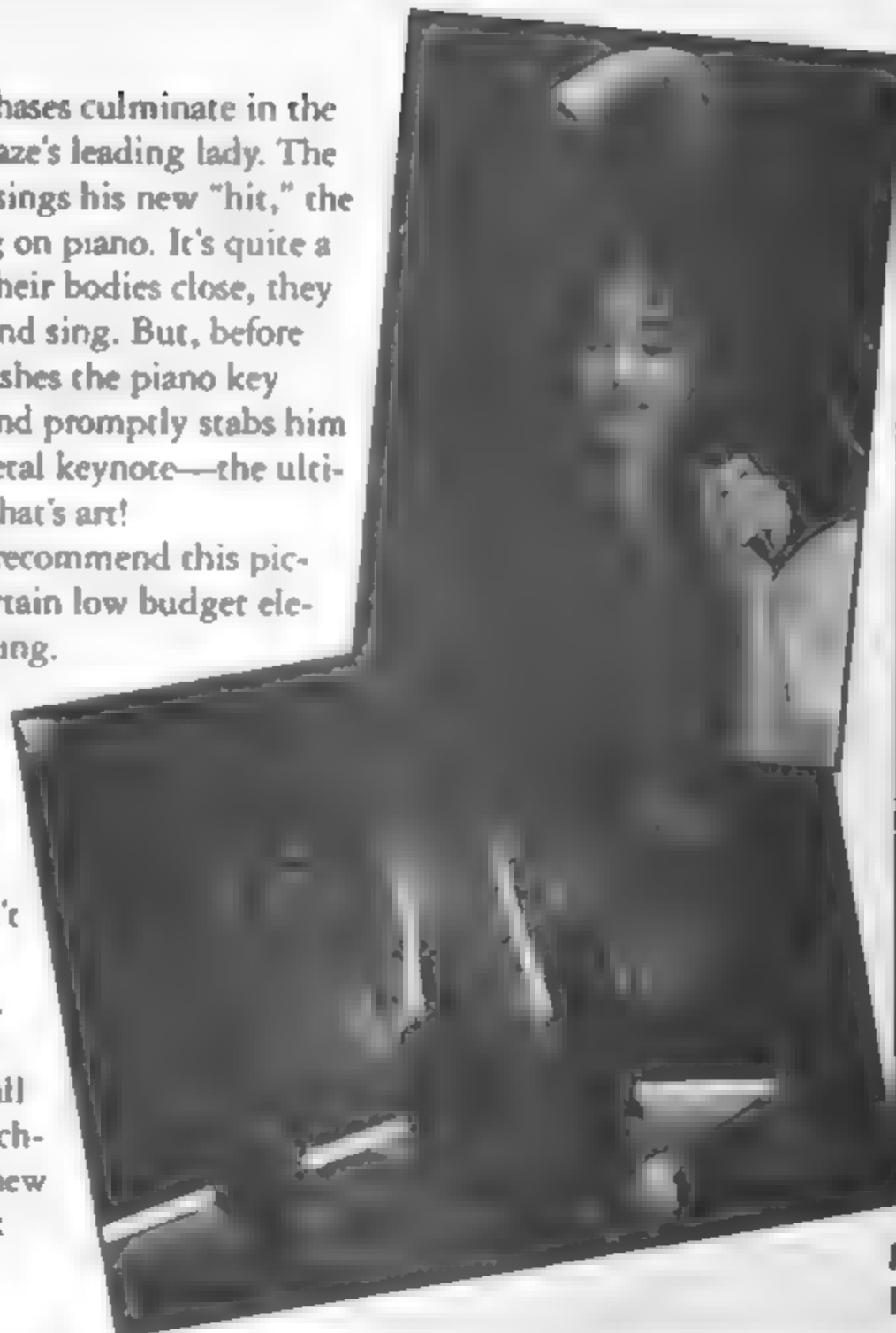
the mansion know the truth. When we finally see Blaze for the first time, he is able to speak only through some talk-box machine implant. But he still looks the part of a rock god—pretty cool, like Patrick Mata from *Sativa Luv Box*. Director/costar/former MC5 member Kramer is the only one in the entire cast with any sense of style or acting ability. The other actors plod through the film as if they were sleepwalking—probably too tired from trodding up and down Sunset Boulevard trying to "get discovered." Now why would I want to see that in pictures when I get it in everyday life for free?

Back to the story, or lack thereof—the new band recruits are required to stay at the mansion for a week, rehearsing their master's gospel-like tunes. But in that one short week, a number of creepy events have them fleeing for their lives. Eventually, the sychophants discover the diabolical plan to transplant their vocal chords into Mr. Blaze. Here's the suspenseful part. Whips and chains, fire

torture, and several chases culminate in the final deception by Blaze's leading lady. The climax begins as she sings his new "hit," the master accompanying on piano. It's quite a touching moment. Their bodies close, they simultaneously kiss and sing. But, before the final note, she crashes the piano key cover on his fingers and promptly stabs him in the neck with a metal keynote—the ultimate betrayal. Now that's art!

I can't say I could recommend this picture, but there are certain low budget elements that are appealing.

I appreciate camp as much as the next guy, in fact probably more, but this one just doesn't deliver the goods. There aren't many positive things to say about this film. One good thing I can say is I got a phone call half way through watching it, and before I knew it, it was over. (Thank you, Brian.) **TM**



Trying to be the heavy metal Rocky Horror PICTURE SHOW, Kramer's BLAZELAND instead gets lost in a sea of big hair and misfired fantasy.

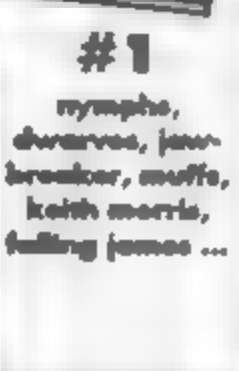
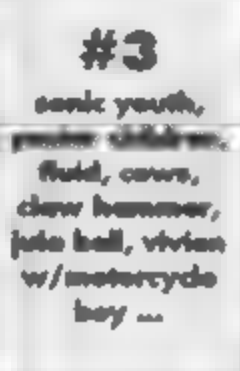
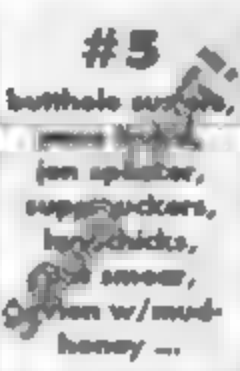
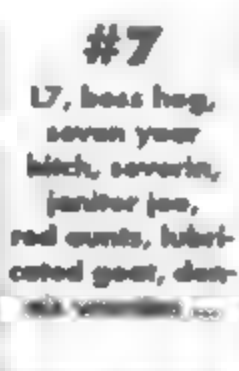
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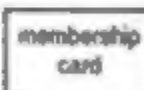
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c/o MILK-IT-TO-DEATH PRODUCTIONS

1608 N Cahuenga Bl. #232, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

"RED" Fan Club Membership..... \$9.95

"RED" T-shirt - L or XL..... \$14.95

"RED" Fan Club Membership & T-Shirt \$22.95

Not just a tape—"RED" is a way of life!

YOU DIRTY

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**"THE VIDEO EQUIVALENT
OF ONION GUM!"**

—VIDEO HITS MAGAZINE

Making prank calls is an activity almost exclusive to 12-year-old boys. FILM THREAT magazine editor Christian Gore tackles this inherently subversive subject in RED, his latest directing effort. Based on the infamous cult tape of actual phone calls made by an anonymous mischief-maker, this coarse, short comedy stars tough guy character-actor Lawrence Tierney (Dillinger, Prizzi's Honor) as Red, a beleaguered booze jockey at the Tube Bar. Tortured beyond human endurance by such telephonic classics as, "Can I speak to Mike Hunt?" and "Is Al there? Last name Koholic?" Red quickly falls prey to fantasies involving shotguns, baseball bats and severe bodily injury. Combined with the original, profanity-ridden "RED" tapes, RED the movie is sure to become a cult favorite.



**VIDEO ONLY
\$19.95**

Buy a RED T-shirt & Join The RED Fan Club!

WHAT YOU GET:

- ☛ A lifetime subscription to the RED Fan Club Newsletter with detailed information about RED and the Tube Bar. Plus fan letters from the world over and info on NEW prank tapes.
- ☛ An official club membership card.
- ☛ An audio cassette of the complete and unedited RED tape plus other prank phone calls.
- ☛ A written transcript of the RED tape.
- ☛ PLUS! Contests, drawings and special offers available only to club members! Join in our search for the real RED!!!

CALL TOLL FREE (800) 795-0969 24 HOURS!

"RED" Video..... \$19.95
 "RED" Fan Club Membership \$9.95
 "RED" T-shirt - L or XL..... \$14.95
 "RED" Fan Club Membership & T-Shirt \$22.95

- ☐ "RED" Video - \$19.95 QTY _____
- ☐ "RED" Fan Club Membership - \$9.95 QTY _____
- ☐ "RED" T-shirt \$14.95 ☐ LARGE ☐ X-LARGE QTY _____
- ☐ "RED" Fan Club & T-Shirt - \$22.95 QTY _____

Check or M.O. in U.S. funds only. (Include \$2.00 per video tape for shipping. \$1.00 for T-shirt or fan club shipping and handling. Foreign orders add another \$6.00. California customers add 8.25% sales tax.)

Name _____

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Signature: _____ "I am over 18"

CALL TOLL FREE (800) 795-0969 24 HOURS

or Mail order to: FILM THREAT VIDEO, PO Box 3170, Los Angeles, CA 90078-3170.

Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. All orders with street address are sent UPS ground.

See our detailed order form with our complete list of titles on page 87

FTV009

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"THIS INDEPENDENT
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PIRES TO THE ZOMBIE
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"THIS MOVIE IS NEAR DARK,
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—*THE NEW YORK TIMES*

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OWEN MICHAEL, JAKE EUKER, VERONICA PAGE DENNEN
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ORIGINAL MUSIC BY MICHAEL CURTIS
FEATURING SONGS BY APOSTASY, THE GRUNGE AND KNIGHT
WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY LEIF JONKER

**WARNING: THIS FILM CONTAINS
SCENES OF EXTREMELY
GRAPHIC VIOLENCE**

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DREAM DECEIVERS."
—THE VILLAGE VOICE

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Soundtrack available on Performance/Awareness Records